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NEVER SAY FAIL

BY E. F. J.

Keep pushing—'tis wiser
Than sitting aside,
And dreaming and sighing
And waiting the tide;
In life's earnest battle
They only prevail,
Who daily march upward
And never say fail.

Ahead then keep pushing,
And elbow your way,
Unheeding the envious,
And asses that bray.
All obstacles vanish,
All enemies quail,
In the night of their wisdom
Who never say fail.

A Desperate Deed.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCH WORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LVI.

IN HER shimmering azure draperies she rose up, stately and beautiful, flashed him a sweet, provoking smile, and moved away.

"Hark!" someone cried.

Without was the heavy, snow-muffled tread of men's feet.

Jimmie Talbot went quickly forward, threw the huge doors wide.

In swept a blast of wind which set the lights dancing—an icy air and a skurry of snow.

Under the lofty portals, slowly and reverently entered a dozen men, bearing in their midst a stretcher, on which lay an appallingly quiet figure.

Across the threshold—over the very spot where he had so lately stood and jested—they carried him in. In the centre of the great hall they laid him down.

A painful silence fell upon all. They burned with curiosity, yet shrank from speech, as though it were sacrilege in the presence of that which, through the shawl cast over it, was so grimly, so starkly outlined.

"Is it suicide?" questioned Mr. O'Donnell.

The rest listened with tense eagerness.

The men were dashing off the powdery snow which clung them, removing their coats.

The Earl answered. His fair, Saxon, brown-bearded face looked pale and fierce.

"No!" he cried—"It is murder!"

And my lady heard.

"Murder!"

The gruesome word went shuddering through the hall. Oh, surely not! it could not be that! Who would murder him? What foe had he?

Scared, trembling, intensely excited, they looked at each other and spoke in shivering whispers.

"It was not the deed of a tramp or highwayman," his lordship went on with angry sternness. "His watch and money are safe. It was the work of some cowardly enemy—a most dastardly deed!"

Up rose a clamor of queries, suggestions. Had any step been taken? Had the news been sent to the police—to Rothlyn?

"Yes!" Lionel replied, "we've done all we could do. One messenger has gone to arouse the police, and then to telegraph the news to Scotland Yard."

A hundred suppositions were proffered—rejected. It was a horrible, incomprehensible, a brutal tragedy.

"Hush!" cried Lady Eva. "Here is mamma!"

And she had been ill so recently—she must not be alarmed. Immediately her guests remembered that—lowered their tones.

Slowly, very slowly, step by step down the grand stairway she came in her trailing black velvet dress, against which her arms gleamed white as marble, the crimson roses still drooping at her breast.

"Lilian!"

The Earl strode toward her.

She seemed neither to see nor hear him as, with that slow, deliberate motion, she came on down.

"Lillian, love!" he entreated, "you are not strong enough; go back to your room. You will be ill again—you——"

Wholly unheedful, she brushed by him—passed gently on.

Along the hall she went, till she reached the stretcher laid across the ranged chairs. There she paused.

Silently, with the utmost calmness, she put out her hand, lifted the covering.

Through the great, raftered hall outrang Iva's protesting cry:

"Oh, little mamma, don't!"

Too late. The shawl shroud was laid softly back, and my lady stood looking down on Geoffrey Damyn's dead face.

She forgot the frightened people around her, the inquisitive glances. She forgot the presence of the Earl—of her step-daughter. She forgot all things in Heaven and on earth except that he who lay before her, rigid and ghastly, had been the lover of her youth—the father of her child.

How handsome he looked, how calm, how noble. Save for one small red spot upon the forehead, over which the blood had congealed, the face was undisfigured. The smooth brow, the aquiline curve of the nose and chin, the somewhat heavy lids, the thin lips under the drooping blonde moustache, were familiar as in life. But death had given back to the dead man's countenance a certain boyishness, an expression, air, she once had loved, of late had missed.

This was the man she had threatened this very afternoon to kill should he expose her. He had left the house to commence that exposure. He was killed.

Had she not to night decided that he must be effectually silenced, and that there was only one way to do it? Well, was he not? And yet—and yet how she used to listen for his coming once! and how loving, how fervent he had been! Oh, that blissful far-off summer by the sea! He had never been false. He had adored her then and after. It was all a mistake—a terrible and bitter blunder—and he was dead!

Harold! Oh, the woman loved him—yes, as she child did not, could not, have loved Damyn. But she was not thinking of Harold now. Only of him to whom had been surrendered her sweet, fresh girlhood. And—how queer it sounded—he was dead!

"Lilian!"

The Earl's voice. She started. Oh, she had been miles—years away!

"Come, dear, you need rest. Come!"

A resentful restlessness had come upon him. How statue-like she stood there! And how white she was—how deathly white. That strange expression, too, in her large grey eyes—sad, dreamful, half tender, brilliant, and brooding!

Would they not remark her, consider, vivisect her—these keen, critical London guests of hers? What might they not think—say?

Indeed they were beginning to murmur to each other that the dear Countess was very—well, peculiar!

Here she had rushed off to see some sick child in the middle of her own magnificent ball. Last evening—for it was morning now—she had absented herself from the drawing-room. She had made no apologies, had simply slipped away, not to appear again till she came gliding down the stairs, silent, wild-eyed, and wan as a ghost. And there she stood, apparently deaf and blind to all around her, staring down on the dead face of her guest. More than peculiar such conduct seemed almost eccentric.

Had there been insanity in the Woodville family? marvelled more than one of these great ladies, clustered together like a flock of bright-plumaged birds.

An imperative knock.

Immediately the door was opened. Four men filed in—the doctor, the police inspector, and a couple of officers.

My lady turned on them her small, white face, from which her eyes shone brilliant as black diamonds.

A look of fear—of downright dread—crept across her countenance.

No need to urge her now to leave the spot. She shrank from it. She pressed to the Earl's side, clutched his hand.

"Take me away!" she implored, below her breath.

Very gently he drew her with him to the stairs. They passed on, up out of sight.

Their departure was the signal for a general breaking up. The ladies vanished to their rooms. Most of the men also disappeared. Mrs. Brown bustled up and took charge.

By the hearth, in the dying fire-glow, a little knot of guests and officials stood conversing in low tones.

Upstairs, in the warmth and seclusion of her velvet hung boudoir sat my lady. The Earl walked excitedly up and down the room.

"I can't understand the thing," he declared, gloomily. "It's not suicide. That much is plain from the nature of the wound. Though the ball came out at the forehead, it was fired from behind. Poor Damyn! I wonder if he had spoken to Iva? An aggravating mystery, this killing. And he was so persistent about going into town to-night. If we can only discover his motive, his errand, we may gain a clue to the tragedy. That an unoffending young fellow should be shot down like a dog, it's a disgrace to Silverdale—to me!"

His wife made no reply. She sat motionless, strangely apathetic. Her gemmed hands lay stirless on the thick, dusk velvet of her gown. She looked straight before her.

The Earl came to her, leaned his folded arms across the back of her chair.

"A disgrace to Silverdale," he repeated, "and to me! But I'll find the cowardly murderer. That shall be my task. I'll find him—I swear to Heaven I will—if I have to populate Sussex with detectives, and let them swarm like rabbits through Silverdale!"

His wife moved, sat erect. She turned her stone-cold face around, up to his.

"Why should you feel it so incumbent on you to—to avenge him? He was nothing to you."

"He was my guest," the Earl replied, quickly, a pained surprise in his voice. "And that title—as you know, Lillian—has always been a sacred claim to men of our race."

She sighed wearily, and sank into her former listless attitude.

She was weak still, worn out by all this excitement, Lord Silverdale thought, with a pang of pity. Poor little thing, he must get her to bed and to sleep as quickly as possible.

He came around, dropped on his knees, bent over the little feet encased in the high-heeled Spanish slippers.

"Hurry, dear; you require some rest. I shall be your maid for once," with a smile.

He stooped over the pretty, buckled slippers, his fingers awkward with haste, with clumsy kindness.

"Why, Lillian!" He sank back, looked blankly up at her. "You're feet are wet—quite wet. Even your gown—the edge is soaking! You were not—surely you were not outdoors to night?"

She did not speak. He rose, stood frowning down upon her.

"Lillian," very low and stern his voice, full of the vaguest, wildest dread, "answer me! Were you out in the snow to-night?"

My lady sprang up. Back to her pale cheeks came a scarlet glow, to her big, dark eyes a mocking flash.

The smallest, slightest evidence of suspicion on his part invariably aroused all that was worst, most reckless in her.

"I went out on the balcony there for a breath of air; the house was stifling. And perhaps I did get my feet and my dress wet. Is your lordship's examination over? or am I still adjudged guilty of romantic and—rheumatic wanderings under the Christmas moon?"

She rang her bell, and struggled with a yawn.

A painful silence.

Jane made her sleepy appearance; and the Earl of Silverdale turned and went, heavily, stupidly, broodingly, out of the room and down the stairs.

CHAPTER LVII.

Three! four! five!

And in Silverdale Castle all was still. A few lights burned here and there in the vast pile. The fire in the hall had burned down, almost out.

With a desire to give the place the funeral air she considered proper, Mrs. Brown had extinguished several of the lamps.

Sepulchral was the gloom—sepulchral the silence. The corners were full of wavering, mysterious shadows.

A few muffled figures clustered near the hearth. Now and then they half turned to cast a nervous glance toward the stark and rigid thing which lay in the centre of the hall.

In the pleasant breakfast-room a good-humored fire crackled with jollity, and the amber-shaded lamps burned mellow and bright.

Here congregated half-a-dozen gentlemen—Captain Richardson, Mr. O'Donnell, Inspector Ward (from Rothlyn), Lionel Curzon, and a little roly-poly man who possessed more filthy lucre than brains, and stammered most lamentably.

There was liquor on the polished mahogany table, but they drank little, though they smoked and talked a good deal.

The Earl opened the door—looked in upon them.

"Come in!" they cried.

He advanced, a trifle dazed on coming out of the dim hall into the sudden glare. He was still in evening dress. Indeed, except Inspector Ward, who wore his braided fatigue uniform, they all were formally and fashionably clad.

"I invited myself to remain, Lord Silverdale" Lionel said. "I knew the inquest would probably be held early and I would be needed. It was hardly worth my while to go home and return."

"That is right. You know you are always welcome. No, thanks, Richardson; I don't care to smoke"

And away he wandered again, like an athletic and unquiet spirit.

He was back within the hour, and this time he sat down and listened to the fluent talk of the others. The golden vintage in the cut glass decanters had ebbed somewhat. The air was thick with cigar smoke.

But with the coming dawn a messenger was speeding. His knock echoed through the house. They looked at each other, sai

silent, listening. A few moments elapsed, then a servant appeared in the doorway.

The man addressed the master of the Castle.

"The night clerk at Rothlyn to see your lordship or Mr. Ward."

"About the murder?"

"Yes, your lordship."

"Tell him to come in."

The servant disappeared.

Young Curzon flung his cheroot into the grate and swung around with his back to the mantle.

The newcomer tiptoed down the passage, presented an alert face to the gentlemen in the breakfast room. He had never gained entrance to the castle before. The importance of the present occasion quite thrilled him.

The Earl pushed his chair around, threw one leg over the other.

"Come in," he commanded, "and shut the door."

Timidly the stranger crossed the sacred threshold, softly he closed the heavy door, respectfully stood before the Earl and his friends.

"Now, my man, what do you know? Speak up!"

He made an effort to do so, but between excitement, importance and awe of the exalted company in which he found himself, his teeth chattered and his words were inaudible.

"Are you drunk?" demanded his lordship, sternly.

Lionel burst out laughing. To save his soul he could not help it.

"Hold on, Silverdale! Can't you see the poor devil is beastly sober? That is what's the matter with him. Half frozen, too, I'll bet, from his cold ride. Here Mr. Telegrapher—that name will do as well as any, won't it?—put this under your waist coat, and you can talk without knocking your teeth out."

He poured out half a gobiet of liquor, handed it the man.

The latter sent a quavering, grateful smile up to the friendly handsome young face above, grasped the proffered glass and briskly disposed of the contents.

"Well?" queried Richardson.

They were all looking intently, earnestly at him.

The man choked over the final swallow in his eagerness to reply.

"Just this, gentlemen: I was sitting in the station, this evening, when a gentleman came in. He shook the snow off and came up to the window. Then I saw it was one of your lordship's visitors—Sir Geoffrey Damyn."

"Yes, go on!"

"He took up a blank form, wrote a message—"

"A telegraph despatch?" asked Mr. O'Donnell.

"Yes, sir. About as quickly as he had written it he tore it up. He thought a minute, then took another sheet and wrote again. This he held out to me. I was just taking it when he drew it back. Seemed as if he couldn't make up his mind to let it go. 'Second thoughts are best. I won't send it,' he said. He gave me a couple of cigars, buttoned up his coat and went out. A few hours ago when a servant from the castle came in to send a telegram to London, he told me about the murder. 'Why,' I cried 'that very gentleman was here tonight!' We roused the station master. He said: 'Go up to the Castle and tell the Earl just when Sir Geoffrey was here. The testimony may be some clue.' So I came.

There was a disappointed silence.

"Is that all you know?" questioned the Earl.

"Yes, sir—unless the second draft he wrote I think you can find."

"What do you mean?"

"Careless like, not seeming to think what he was doing, he stuffed the slip into his pocket."

"Ah! Well, you had better remain at the Castle till after the inquest. Just touch that bell, Bariston. Thanks!"

CHAPTER LVIII.

AND when the servant responded, Lord Silverdale commended the visitor from Rothlyn to Mrs. Brown's care and, Mr. Telegrapher, as Lionel had called him, was escorted away.

"Dawn, I de clare," cried Bariston.

He was an undersized, wiry, little old man, with a skin like crumpled parchment a pair of beady, black eyes, a mouthful of brilliant bought teeth, and the tenderly-nurtured conviction that he was an unappreciated poet.

Sure enough between the half-drawn hangings a thin spear of light was forcing its way.

Lionel stretched himself sleepily.

"I believe I'll go to the library and lie down for an hour."

And he lounged away.

Soon the Earl followed him.

"Nice boy, Curzon," commented Mr. O'Donnell. "He seemed a good deal cut up to-night."

Captain Richardson nodded curtly.

"No wonder. He and Damyn had been at daggers drawn. To have their enmity so tragically and suddenly ended was rather—well, rather creepy."

"I didn't know they were b-bad friends," put in Bariston. "What was the row?"

Captain Richardson laughed and stroked his blonde moustache.

"What always is the row?" he counter-questioned. "A bit of rivalry, I fancy. Our host has a fair daughter. The running of Damyn and Curzon seemed about neck and neck."

"Ah!" exclaimed Bariston, comprehensively. "And they q-quarrelled about her?"

"Well, rather. Lady Iva——"

Mr. O'Donnell rose.

"I don't think it is the very best of taste to discuss her affairs so freely," he said, his fine old face full of indignation.

"Oh, confound it!" expostulated the valiant captain, with a laugh, "what old fogy notions you have, O Donnell!"

"Perhaps so," assented O'Donnell.

He put his hands behind him and walked out of the room.

The Earl had gone upstirs, looked in on his sleeping wife and come down again, when he heard a fumbling at the knocker.

He strode to the door, opened it.

An uncouth lad in tan colored corduroy clothes, an enveloping muffler, top-boots and battered felt hat, stood just without.

"I want to see the Earl."

"Well, I am he. What is it?"

The boy looked up, made a respectful grab at his hat brim, ducked his lordship a bow.

"I found somethin'."

"Where?"

"Where the gentleman was killed."

He glanced furtively around. One hand was shoved deep into his pocket. He seemed afraid someone would appear and wrest forcibly his treasure from him.

The Earl was generous—thought nothing to giving a chap a crown.

If he could only see him alone—give him his prize unknown to the policeman, who could insist on his surrendering it, he supposed—might not his lordship hand him a good sum for his trouble—maybe half a sovereign?

And here the Earl himself had opened the door. Of such possible good luck as this he had never dreamed.

Lord Silverdale held the door ajar.

"Come in, my boy!"

A clue—perhaps an important one!

With his round eyes glaring in fear and fascination at the impromptu bier in the middle of the great hall, the fellow skulked along behind the Earl's broad back.

They reached the library, went in.

His lordship closed the door. On the hearth two high pedestal lamps were burning.

The long, lofty, book-walled, shining-floored, leopard-rugged, luxurious room! The boy was quite dazed by the grandeur of it all.

The Earl turned impatiently.

"Well, let me see it!"

The boy tugged at the precious possession in his coat pocket, went through a series of acrobatic contortions, finally produced—a revolver!

An oath escaped the Earls lips.

A clue! He had hoped for a clue. Why, this would prove a world of evidence.

One swift stride; he snatched the weapon held it so that the light fell on it fully.

An old-fashioned, clumsy revolver, with the initials "R. G." rudely scratched upon it—one chamber empty!

He fell back, clutching it, staring at it, one hand pressed to his head, his blue eyes blazing with a stunned, a worldless horror.

"Merciful heaven!" he cried.

And the cry was a prayer for pity.

CHAPTER LIX.

NOT a sound save the ticking of the tall Egyptian clock on the mantle.

The Earl stood staring at the weapon, he held; the boy stood gaping at the Earl.

He knew it—oh, good heaven! how horribly well he knew it!—this was the secret which had lain locked in her cabinet drawer. It was this she had pressed to her lips had kissed.

The curious construction of the weapon, its antique workmanship and inferior mechanism he had noticed them all before.

And now it was discovered on the spot where a man had been slain—the man between whom and his wife he had fancied existed some secret—had so fancied till within the last twenty-four hours. By the bedside of a dying child all his dark doubts had been dispelled, to rise and menace him again with ten fold the torture, ten-fold the mystery!

He had missed her during the afternoon of Christmas Day. Iva had sent Lionel to seek her. Sir Geoffrey Damyn had come down by her side.

That night she had vanished, to reappear some hours later so strangely white, so broodingly silent, and she had been so unusually gay all the evening. Her velvet gown was draggled, her slippers wet through, and now here was the revolver she had possessed found—Oh, heaven! it was horrible!

With all his strength he endeavored to control himself, turn to the boy, speak calmly.

"Tell me the exact spot where you found this?"

"About half-way down the avenue, your lordship—way in under the oaks."

"In the snow?"

"The snow had drifted off it. I see somethin' a-shinin', an' I picks it up."

"Wait."

His lordship crossed the room to where stood his own massive, brass-clamped desk of black oak, wherein he kept his business papers.

He unlocked a drawer, deposited the weapon within the tray revealed, closed and re-clicked the key.

He turned on his heel, came back to the lad.

Through one half-curtained window the dawn was grinning ghastily. The grey glimmer mingled drearily with the lamplight. And both touched the pallid and troubled face of the Earl of Silverdale.

"Listen, my lad. You did right to bring that to me. Does anyone know you found it?"

The boy shook his shaggy head emphatically.

"What is your name?"

"Rick Pollen, your lordship."

"Well, Rick Pollen, remember this—no one must know!"

The young chap stared stupidly at him.

"Can't you hear? Can't you understand?" his lordship cried, sharply. "You are not to tell anyone about what you found. You are to keep your tongue still. Surely you can do that—for money?"

For money! Oh, the magic of the one word! The dull eyes were instantly illumined by a ray of intelligence.

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"What would you do if I were to give you ten pounds?"

Ten pounds! And he had never had ten shillings—never in all his life. The possibility of attaining such wealth fairly took his breath away.

He had wildly hoped his reward might be half a sovereign; but—ten pounds!

"I'd buy a red coat, like the quality wear to the meet, an' a gold watch an' a ring, an' a game bull-dog an'——"

"Stop! And if I were—mind, I don't say I will—if I were to give you twenty pounds—what then?"

The boy looked squarely up at him, exultance of longing anticipation brightening his carrotty countenance.

"I'd go America!" he said.

He would! his lordship drew a long breath. That was the reply he had been striving to elicit. From the instant he had heard the name of his visitor he had been trying to induce him to make this proposal.

The two elder Pollen boys—their father was a tenant of the Earl—had gone across the Atlantic a year before to seek their fortune.

But what was he about to do? He hesitated. Was there not some such phase as compounding a felony, which might be applied in this case? Would he not be guilty of complicity if he were to tamper with a witness endeavoring to screen the real——?

He shook as though chilled.

No matter; she must be screened—she must be saved. She was his wife. Right or wrong, he would shield, defend her—take all chances, run all risks.

"Now hear me."

He brought his white and sinewy hand down on the corduroy shoulder before him with a force which swayed the boy backward, a grip which held him like clasping steel.

"I'll give you fifty pounds—fifty pounds," he repeated, "if you get out of Rothlyn—out of England—within the week, without telling a single soul about the thing you found. Will you do it?"

His listener showed all his glistening teeth.

"Yes, your lordship!" ecstatically.

He was an ignorant cub. Anything the Earl said he was to do was sure to be right—anyone so tall and strong and splendid as the Earl—anyone dressed so grandly, owning this castle—could not possibly be wrong. If his lordship were to command him to walk to London he would have obediently trudged off.

And now, when he said "go to America," the dream of his life, "and I will give you fifty pounds"—a fortune! all just to keep his mouth shut—great Jiminy! what luck!

Lord Silverdale bent the boy backward still more with that powerful hand of his, looked sternly down at his face.

"Don't chatter; don't let anyone induce you to talk. Don't drink, or you might blab; and if you were to do that——"

He did not conclude; there was no need to do so. The youngest son of Sam Pollen was evidently impressed by a vision of most terrible consequences were to break his word.

"No, your lordship, I won't ever tell—hope to die if I do!"

Lord Silverdale smiled—a grim, sad smile. No oath could be more binding on the boy than his own solemn promise—that he knew.

He went straight to his desk, took out a roll of notes, counted them, brought them back to the hearth, gave them to Rick, with a few final words of caution.

He went with him into the hall, past the bier to the door. Then hurried back and up the stairs.

And from the lounge in the alcove off the library, where the Earl had sat unseen on Christmas Eve, Lionel Curzon rose, dark-browed, aghast, his very heart like lead within him.

CHAPTER LX.

A dull, gloomy, dun-colored winter morning—in the air a softness predicting a general thaw. A day with a sadness in it—a sob in it; but at Silverdale Castle life went on with a good deal of its ordinary tranquil flow.

Breakfast, it is true, had been a rather dreary and disjointed affair. The inmates had sauntered down by twos and threes, and drank their coffee, and glanced through their mail in rather silent fashion.

Now and then they asked one another for developments. There were none. The only person apparently possessed of an appetite was Mrs. Vere.

At the brisk tattoo of her knife and fork the fourth of a grouse took wings; the muffins rose—above the triple ledge of that comfortable chin; the buttered toast disappeared with a lightning like rapidity which would have made Hermann wink.

Little Mr. Bariston sat and gazed at her with awe—with absolute envy.

Detecting that questioning look, she pounced upon him.

"Well?"

"I—I di—didn't say anything!" he faltered.

She gave a disdainful sniff, and helped herself to part of an omelet.

Had he offended her? he wondered. He would not do so wilfully. It would be a great deal of enmity to incur—two hundred pounds worth!

"I—I was just w-wishing, I c-could enjoy—my breakfast as y-you do!"

"Perhaps you would," she responded tartly, "if you didn't enjoy your supper so much."

"I d-don't understand—"

She nodded till all her little curls were bobbing.

"Oh, yes, you do! When Paul Theophilus only wanted a glass of ice-water for breakfast, I," in a dark and thrilling whisper—"I always went and looked at the decanter!"

What a terrible old lady! Poor Mr. Bariston's sparse locks bristled up around the bald spot on his crown.

"My d-dear madam, I h-hope you d-don't m-mean to infer——"

Here a servant brought in a plate of breakfast cakes, hot, crisp and tempting. In truth a sop to Cerebus.

She just took time to blink benignantly at the nervous, little old gentleman opposite, say blandly, "Oh, of course not!" and then—ah me, for the little brown cakes!

The door opened. Into the pretty breakfast room came Lady Iva.

Mr. Bariston rose with an air of relief and greeted her cordially. He would take good care never to find himself alone again with that awful old lady in the high head-dress—never!

"Where is Lilian?" demanded Mrs. Vere.

Iva, busying herself with a tray, turned to answer.

"She does not feel strong enough to come down. I am going to send her a cup of tea."

And when she had drank her own she went over to the hearth, knelt on the great Persian rug, held out her hands to the blaze.

Resigned once more to the mercies of Mrs. Vere, Mr. Barlston made a cowardly retreat.

The widow of Paul took her way to the morning-room.

Deftly the servants came and went. Once more in the room reigned order—silence. The minutes passed slowly—laggingly. But still the Earl's daughter lingered there.

She hated to leave the apartment, go out into the hall. When she had passed through, half an hour ago, were they not carrying the corpse into the library where the inquest was to be held? She must remain here till that task was ended.

With all the shrinking of a young, an untried spirit, she dreaded contact with the monster death.

Some one softly turned the handle, came in. Then he paused at sight of her—would have retreated—but she turned and saw him.

His heart gave one great throb as reluctantly he came forward. Reluctantly, because conflicting emotions mastered him. His discovery of the murder the previous evening, the conversation overheard at dawn, had dismayed even his staunch young soul.

That keen, womanly intuition of hers comprehended at half a glance his perplexity, hesitation.

Neither spoke—not even a good-morning. He came over to the mantel, stood leaning against it, looking down upon her as she half knelt, half leaned against a big leather-n chair.

She had put on her simplest gown—a dull, soft, clinging, lustreless black. Deliciously it set off the blush-rose tint of her skin, the tawny gold of her braided hair.

It seemed to him afterward his vision, his perception must have been very acute that hour, so distinctly he remembered how perfectly the dusk dress fitted the lissome, supple young figure, and how snowy were the slender strips of linen at wrists and throat.

CHAPTER LXI.

"A terrible affair!"

"Yes."

And then for awhile again they were silent.

Gravely, very gravely, half sadly, the brilliant brown eyes above her were bent upon her.

The poor child! How little she suspected the truth!

The Earl thought it would all lie hidden, unrevealed. But sooner or later such things always came out—always. And she was so proud, so intensely and beautifully proud of that grand old name, home, race of hers. How would she ever bear it?

She was fond, too, of her young step-mother—this gentle, pure, yet spirited and imperious love of his. If he only dare prepare her. But no, it might never come out!

She grew nervous under that prolonged reverie, that dreamy gaze.

Was it altogether the heat of the fire which turned the delicate pink of her cheeks to the crimson of clover?

"Lady Iva, do you think, if you were to discover something almost incredibly horrifying, you could bear it?"

There it is said at last.

She lifted to his her great violet eyes, wide and wondering as those of a child.

Was this the speech, the cogitation of which had kept him silent, distrait, so long?

"Something horrifying?" she repeated. "It has already happened. Poor Sir Geoffrey—"

"Yes, yes," he interrupted hurriedly. "But suppose some one you knew, some one you cared for, was suspected of having killed him, what would you think?"

Now that he had opened the subject at all, he felt a mad desire to probe her loyalty to the quick.

She rose. And now for the first time she noticed that he still wore his evening suit, though his fur trimmed overcoat was buttoned above it.

A queer question! But then the tragedy which had last night occurred at Silverdale aroused queer thoughts.

"I would think," deliberately, "there was a mistake."

"But," leaning eagerly forward, "if you were persuaded there had been no mistake—if all things pointed, all clues attached, to one guilty person—one who had a place in your heart—what then?"

Unconsciously he had put himself in the place of the Countess! Was it not cruel gashing thus for a hidden truth in a girl's heart?

What right had he to turn mental vivisectionist?

"Someone I cared for," slowly—"do you mean someone I loved?"

There was no faintest trace of coquetry in the clear eyes she lifted frankly.

"Yes."

How fair she looked in that sombre gown her soft cheeks so charmingly rosy, her head held so prettily and so proudly, her curling-fringed eyes shining like purple-blue stars—how very, very lovely!

"Why, then I would—"

The door was thrown hastily open.

"Come, Curzon!" cried Mr. O'Donnell's voice. "A thousand pardons Lady Iva, but the inquest has begun and they want this boy's testimony."

With a murmured apology, a regretful glance and smile, far more reluctantly than he had entered the room, Lionel left it.

He followed Mr. O'Donnell down the hall into the library. The vast apartment was half-filled.

There were assembled the gentlemen guests of the Earl of Silverdale, the coroner from Rothlyn, fairly swelling with pomposity, the sworn jury all enormously consequential. There, too, was the master of the Castle, looking worn, handsome and haughty as some feudal baron of the oldest days.

The doors were closed, the formal inquiry commenced.

Doctor Cullen examined the wound. The shot had entered behind the ear, had ranged upward, coming out through the temple. There was absolutely no mark of powder, no slightest evidence to show the deadly deed had been self-committed. But what was this?

With a little clinking rattle something had fallen to the floor.

It had dropped from the clothing of the corpse.

The painfully excited group assembled clustered together to behold the trinket—a curious little trifle—a cat's eye set in a swivel of Roman gold.

Instantly Lionel Curzon, catching sight of it, started forward.

"It's mine!" he cried.

"Yours?"

Gravely the coroner and the jury regarded him.

The young fellow's own associates evinced no astonishment. The bauble was to them familiar. Lionel had always worn it on his watch-chain.

Now he opened his great coat, showed his broken watch-guard.

"I had not missed it. It must have caught in his vest and pulled off when I stooped over him to seek for a sign of life."

The coroner lifted his hand reprovingly.

"We will take your evidence in due time, Mr. Curzon."

The proceedings continued. But the first sensation was as nothing to the second.

Clutched in the tight-shut, rigid fingers of the dead man were a few short black hairs!

There had been a struggle then—perhaps for possession of the weapon—at all events a struggle.

Colder, whiter, sterner, grew the face of the Earl of Silverdale.

Only once that chained repose of his broke bounds.

It was when the telegram the deceased had written and failed to send was produced.

Addressed to a well-known London lawyer, it ran as follows:

"Come down as soon as possible, bringing with you copy of papers relating to my marriage with Marguerite Woodville.

(Signed) "GEORGE DAMYN."

A hoarse murmur uprose. Married! He had been married, then! They had never fancied any such possibility.

The coroner sniffed. Clearly here was an important clue.

CHAPTER LXII.

The first step must be to find the wife in question.

The master of Silverdale stepped forward, raised his hand.

Explanation was necessary.

"Gentlemen, no search for the wife of Sir Geoffrey would produce her. She is dead!"

They—particularly the Rothlynites—listened hungrily.

"Marguerite Woodville was the sister of my wife, the Countess of Silverdale. She contracted a secret marriage with Sir Geoffrey Damyn. They parted. She died last September. Lately family complications, my wife's doubt as to the legality of the ceremony, made proof desirable. For this proof was the despatch indited."

There was no startling sensation after all. They were quite disappointed, that excited baker's dozen of country folks, to whom the tragedy was pleasant and exhilarating as cakes and ale.

It was not often such a mysterous breeze came rustling the leaves of their trim, compassed, commonplace lives.

There ensued much discussion, statement, contradiction, deduction, but Lionel heard none of it. He had given his evidence and retired—almost out of hearing.

Her sister had been Damyn's wife!

But why had the Countess cried out, "If you do, I will kill you?"

Do what?

Assuredly there was some motive behind of that awful crime.

The group at the other end of the room glanced now and then, still more frequently, at the stalwart young fellow so lost in heavy thought.

He did not notice them. He had eyes only for the silent, brown-bearded man, with that fever of repression illumining his features like inward flame.

He knew the truth; he loved her. His bride a murderess! What slow torture all this pompous prosing must be to him!

And yet he need not cherish such agonizing fear. Surely, surely they would never suspect her!

So he pondered, lounging apart from the others, hearing dully without heeding all their low-voiced talk.

When the jury retired he did not move; still stood so, wrapped in a sorrowful reverie.

Poor Silverdale! It was really hard luck. Even if they never got an inkling of the truth, if it lay buried for ever in Sir Geoffrey Damyn's grave, would not the bitterness of disillusion of dishonor, be from this day out his everlasting portion?

Alone he stood there thinking it over, his handsome young face, which was gentle as a woman's for all its bravery, its dashing, manly beauty, just now fully of pathos, of sweet and sensitive sadness.

He did not notice the jury filing back as he stood with far-away gaze by a porphyry pillar—did not listen to the question asked.

But he heard—clear, ringing, startlingly, frightfully distinct—the words of the verdict:

"We find that the deceased, Sir Geoffrey Damyn, came to his death by a revolver in the hands of some person unknown, but recommend that Lionel Curzon be detained on suspicion."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE.—One of the best known homoeopathic physicians in Brooklyn tells a story of personal experience which is calculated to strike a sympathetic cord in many hearts just at this season of general moving and house-cleaning chaos.

"Am I going to do any fixing up at my house this year?" he say. "Not if I know myself. Last year I did. We hadn't any idea of what we were undertaking when the job was begun. My wife thought the woodwork needed touching up a little. So the painters came. They turned the house topsy-turvey for four days, and when they went away the pretty paper on the walls of our best rooms was spoiled.

The paperhanger had to be called in. He succeeded in gouging the walls, so that a mason was necessary. The mason spoiled our carpets. They had to be renewed. Then we concluded to have an open grate put in in one room on the ground floor. This, too, was done.

After it seemed to be all over I remarked to my wife, with something like a sigh, that nothing worse could happen to us now.

"We shall have a little rest and enjoy it all the more because of the stirring up we have undergone," was my hopeful view of the situation.

"I don't know," she responded wearily; "how do you know that those tiresome men haven't fixed things so as to make us more trouble? Topsy has been missing for two days. May be they have sealed her up in the wall. They would do anything."

Topsy was the cat. Sure enough, within twenty-four hours we heard a faint mewing—possibly my wife's random shot sharpened our ears. Topsy was under the stone hearth laid beneath the open grate.

We saved her life by hustling down to the mason's again, and having the hearth torn up. For nearly a week longer the house was torn up, too. This year I have a very strong idea that we shall let well enough alone. I belong to Mr. Bergh's society.

NOTHING is so contagious as example; we are never either much good or much evil without imitators.

Bric-a-Brac.

SNEEZING.—In Zanzibar, if one sneezes, all within hearing shout out, "May Allah have mercy upon you!" which the sneezer acknowledges with, "May Allah guide you!" Among Italians the cry is "Viva!" while, according to Miss Gordon-Cumming, the Chinese say, "May you live a thousand years!" and the Fiji islanders cry, "Mbula!"—"May you live!" or "Health to you!" to which the sneezer replies, "Mole"—"Thanks." In former days, it seems, the custom required him to add, "May you club some one!"

THE BELL MOUNTAIN.—The Bell Mountain, or Jebel Nagous, is situated on the Gulf of Suez, about four and a half hours' journey from Tor. The name is given to it by the Arabs because the sands covering its north-west extremity emit a musical sound when agitated by the wind or by the steps of man. The mountain is about three miles long and twelve hundred feet high. The sand is of a yellow color, and curiously mobile, and, when disturbed, the note it gives out resembles the base of an organ. The volume sound of course depends on the quantity of sand in motion; and it is said to resemble the rumbling of distant thunder on occasions.

AN HONESTLY-EARNED HALFPENNY.—The Archduke of Austria is a man of strange habits. He lives in the Island of Majorca, more than half of which belongs to him. What is really singular is that he pays no attention to dress, and looks slovenly and tatterdown. A peasant was once loading his donkey with wood, and called to the archduke, not knowing him however, to help him. The archduke did as he was requested; and the peasant gave him a copper coin of the value of a halfpenny, saying, "Here brother, it is all I have." The archduke accepted the coin, and often shows it with much satisfaction to himself, declaring it is the only halfpenny he has ever honestly earned.

CO OPERATIVE BOOTS.—The boot and shoe etiquette in India sorely perplexes native officials on ceremonial occasions. In the Mofussil it is customary for all native Government officials to take off their native shoes before entering the presence of their superiors, but when they wear English boots no such change is required. When the Governor of Bombay lately had a levee at Ahmedabad, a number of Hindoo officials clubbed together to buy a pair of English boots, so as to avoid the indignity of appearing before his excellency with bare feet. Each took it in turn to wear the boots as he was presented to the Governor, and no small amusement was created outside the levee-room by the officials rushing backwards and forwards to exchange the solitary pair with the next comer.

CROWS AND THE DOG'S BONE.—One afternoon a dog was lazily enjoying a bone on the lawn of a house in Burmah, when a dozen or so of crows perched near him. First they set their black heads on one side, and then on the other, of their glossy shoulders, eyeing the bone with envious looks. It was plain they meant to get it—honestly, if they could, of course. Two of the band hopped pretty near the dog, but his growls warned them to take no liberties. So they retired to their mates, and they all seemed to be talking over the matter once more. A new plan of campaign was speedily arranged, and presently a crow managed to fly behind the dog unseen, and seized his tale in its strong beak. With a yelp of pain the dog turned round to punish the rascal, but in that moment his bone was snapped up, and carried aloft to the trees. The dog lifted his head and howled, but the crows said, "Caw! caw! caw!"

HOW TO PRESERVE VIOLETS.—The dainties known as preserved violets, for which the feminine folk pay exorbitant prices, are easily and simply made. Boil one pound of loaf sugar in as much water as it will absorb, until, when dropped into cold water, it becomes hard and brittle. Throw the violets, which should be of the large double variety and without stems, into the syrup, a few at a time, and keep them in it until the sugar boils again. Stir the sugar round the edge of the pan until it is white and grainy, then gently stir the flowers about until the sugar leaves them. Drain them dry in a slightly warm oven, turning them carefully now and again, and watching them lest they cool ere they dry. Preserved violets are considered a rare delicacy, and they are certainly in appearance as dainty as could be imagined; but they are more indigestible than boiled cabbage, mince pie, Welsh rarebit or any of the heroic viands.

STRIVING ON.

But strive—this world's not all a waste,
A wilderness of care;
Green spots are on the field of life,
And flowrets blooming fair;

Then strive—but oh, let Virtue be,
The guardian of your aim!
Let pure, unclouded love illume,
The path that leads to fame.

LORD AND LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.—(CONTINUED.)

NORAH drove on in silence, Harman crying in a suppressed way by her side, and for a time Guildford Berton did not speak.

Fate was still on his side, and working for him in a persistent fashion that almost alarmed him. Certainly, he thought, he would receive a check presently; at the station perhaps. It was just possible that Cyril Burne had left some message there, had spoken to someone, and the chain of evidence with which Guildford Berton was connecting his disappearance with Becca would snap.

"Don't cry, Mrs. Harman," he said at last, and speaking in the most sympathetic and cheering of voices. "We shall be sure to find your niece before many hours have passed. After all, nothing serious can have happened to her."

At that moment the vision of the murdured girl rose before him, and he was forced to pause.

"I mean, that the very worst view of the case is that she may have taken it into her head to run away. She was—well, rather a giddy girl, was she not?"

"Yes, sir," said Harman with difficulty. "Becca was flighty and and uncertain, but—but that's the worst that can be said of her, and I can't understand her running away. She was so happy up at the Court with her ladyship, who'd been so kind to her. Besides——"

She paused.

"You mean that you don't think she would have run away alone, and that you don't know of anyone with whom she was likely to do so?" he put in suavely.

"Yes, sir, that's what I meant," assented Harman with a sob.

Guildford Berton looked sideways at Norah's pale face.

"Of course," he said cheerfully. "Depend upon it, we shall hear of her presently, and we shall be quite amused with the account of her adventures. Pray don't give way," he added in a low tone, but purposely not too low for Norah to hear. "You distress her ladyship."

They reached the station, and he jumped out.

"I will not be long," he said, but Norah, feeling that if her life depended upon it she could not remain in suspense while he made the inquiries, gave the reins to the groom and rose.

"Please don't get out," he said earnestly. "I will bring the station master and anyone else down to you."

But every suggestion he made seemed to irritate Norah and far upon her.

"Harman and I will both come," she said, almost coldly.

He followed them up the steps, and if Norah had chanced to look round she would have seen that the impassive expression of his face had suddenly given place to one of deep and anxious brooding.

They found the station master, and Guildford Berton put the questions, Norah and Harman standing by in silence.

"Oh, Mr. George," he said, "we want to ask you about the passengers by your early train this morning."

"Yes, sir," said the station master respectfully, but evidently with some surprise.

"Do you remember any of them? For instance, did you see"—he paused a scarcely perceptible moment, he could not bring himself to pronounce Becca's name. He fought against the difficulty in that brief second, but was mastered by it—"did you notice whether Mr. Cyril Burne—the artist, you know—travelled by that train?"

"Mr. Burne—the gentleman who was staying at the inn at Santleigh? Yes, he did, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Thank you," said Guildford Berton. "You are quite sure, of course?"

"Oh, yes," said the station master. "I noticed him because I saw him come by the down train last evening, and I thought it rather strange that he should be going back so soon, and by the early train. I suppose he came down for the ball at Ferndale, sir?"

"Yes," he did, assented Guildford Berton.

"Ask—ask him if he saw Becca, sir," faltered Harman fearfully.

Norah stood, her eyes downcast, her lips tightly set, every word the man said falling on her heart like so many drops of lead.

Guildford Berton nodded.

"Was—was Mr. Burne alone?" he asked in a constrained voice.

Norah raised her eyes and looked at him for a second. Why had he put the question in that form? Did he—did anyone think that Cyril had gone off with Becca South?

Then her heart sank as she removed her eyes, for she felt that she herself was beginning to harbor the dreadful suspicion expressed by Guildford Berton's question.

The station master rubbed his chin.

"I can't exactly say, sir," he said, and Guildford Berton's spirits rose. That was better than a decided "Yes, he was." "You see, sir, it was darkish, and the train being a bit behind its time we hurried the passengers in. I don't know whether any of the men noticed——"

He looked round. "Did you see Mr. Burne this morning?" he asked of the booking clerk, who had come out of his den and had stood listening, but respectfully remained silent until he was addressed.

"Yes, sir; yes, my lady," he said promptly. "That is, if he's a good looking gentleman in a light fawn overcoat and a silk hat."

"He was in evening dress, and wore a light fawn overcoat?" said the station master.

Guildford Berton nodded.

"Yes, that was he," he said, below his breath. "And he was alone, I suppose?"

"No, sir," said the clerk with decision. "He took two tickets, third class for London."

Harman uttered a faint cry, and Norah laid her hand upon her arm, and murmured some vague words of consolation and encouragement.

"Another gentleman with him, I suppose?" said Guildford Berton, almost stunned by this fresh piece of luck.

"No, it was a lady, or a young women, I should say," replied the clerk.

Guildford Berton stared at him. Had all the powers of darkness leagued together on his side?

"A young women?" he echoed, and the amazement in his voice was not feigned.

"Yes, sir."

"Did—did you see her?" broke in Harman, as if she could contain herself no longer. "A young woman—dark—with—with black hair?" she faltered, almost hysterically.

The clerk had not seen the woman for whom Cyril had kindly taken the ticket, but his imagination, stimulated by Harman's words, came into play.

"Yes," he said, "that was her, no doubt."

Harman staggered back, and hid her face in her hands.

The station seemed to sway from side to side before Norah's eyes, but her first thought was of the poor women upon whom the blow had fallen almost as heavily as upon herself.

"Hush, hush!" she whispered brokenly. "It may not be——"

She could not get farther, for the attempt at consolation sounded a mockery in her own ears.

"Yes, yes, it's her, my lady!" said Harman, in a dry, hoarse voice. "It's Becca, and she's gone off with Mr. Cyril Burne! Oh, God forgive him; God forgive them both!"

Norah tried to echo the prayer, but the response would not come.

Her heart seemed to turn to stone; she could only clutch the woman's trembling hands and stare at her vacantly.

CHAPTER XXVII.

NORAH drew Harman's arm within her own and led her back to the phaeton, and Guildford Berton followed, fairly dazed by this latest stroke of luck. Who the girl was that had gone with Cyril he could not even conjecture. As he himself would never have condescended to procure a ticket for a stranger, it did not occur to him that Cyril might have done so. Anyway, this new link in the chain suited his purpose to a marvellous degree, and by the time the ponies had started he had collected himself and mastered the situation.

"This is very—sad!" he murmured to Norah, casting a sympathetic glance at Harman.

Norah inclined her head. She could not speak, could not look at him; the blow had stunned her.

"The question is, What is to be done next?" he mused.

"I must go—go to her! I must find her!" sobbed poor Harman.

"We must think it over, Mrs. Harman," he said gently. "I am afraid there can be no doubt that your niece has gone off with Mr. Cyril Burne, but—but I am not sure that we ought to take the worst view of the case."

Harman looked at him.

"You see," he said, addressing her but watching Norah's face, "Mr. Cyril Burne is a gentleman; of that I am—we all are—quite certain, and being a gentleman it follows that he cannot act dishonorably, I am convinced of that——"

"Why—why did he entice her away?" faltered Harman, not unreasonably.

He shook his head.

"There may have been reasons of which we know nothing," he answered. "We know nothing of Mr. Cyril Burne or his affairs, and cannot surmise his object in running off with her. He may have very good reasons for a secret marriage. For instance, he may be afraid of offending some relative from whom he has expectations."

"Marrying her!" echoed Harman doubtfully, and yet with a gleam of hope.

"Yes," he said with quiet confidence. "My belief is that Mr. Burne intends making your niece his wife."

Harman drew a long breath and looked agitatedly at Norah; but Norah avoided her eyes, and stared straight before her, vacantly as before.

"I have no doubt we shall find that they were married this morning."

A shudder ran through Norah's frame, and the hand that held the reins shook.

"Yes," he resumed musingly, "the more I consider it the stronger I am convinced that my theory is the right one. Why did Mr. Burne go off to London so suddenly, and why did he come back so secretly, so to speak? He must have gone up to make arrangements for their flight and marriage, and no doubt he came down, using the fete as a blind, to carry her off. Depend upon it they are married by this time."

"Oh, if I could only think so, sir!" murmured Harman, clasping her thin hands.

"I'm sure of it," he said. "I can scarcely explain why I feel so convinced that I am right, but I am convinced. However, we can soon find out the truth."

Harman looked at him anxiously and expectantly.

"If you will allow me to help you, Mrs. Harman," he said, "I will undertake to trace them and discover what has really happened."

Harman could only look at him with unspeakable gratitude.

"Yes," he said reflectingly, "I know a person in London—a detective—who will have no difficulty in working out the whole matter, and I will telegraph to him at once."

"I—I don't know how to thank you, sir," faltered Harman.

"Don't you think that will be the best plan, Lady Norah?" he asked, speaking to her for the first time.

Norah forced herself to reply, "You are very good."

"Not at all," he said with self depreciation. "We must all help each other when and how we can, and I am only too glad to be of some slight service. Don't be anxious, Mrs. Harman; all will come right."

But Harman's eyes filled with tears again.

"The scandal, sir!" she moaned; "we have always been so respectable."

"As to that," he said thoughtfully, "I think we might prevent any gossip if we took proper steps."

Harman waited breathlessly. "Oh, sir, if we could!"

"It is easy enough," he said quietly. "We have only got to say that we have heard satisfactory news at the station or elsewhere——" He saw Norah's face suddenly flush, and he went on more cautiously, "You need say nothing, Mrs. Harman; in fact, the less you say the better. Leave it to me. I am afraid I must tell a white lie or two, but it is pardonable to suppress the truth sometimes. I shall say that Becca has gone to a situation in London, which she had procured without the knowledge of her friends. She was such a restless girl that the story will be readily believed."

Harman sighed.

"Yes, sir, she was always restless, poor girl!" As she spoke a sudden pallor swept over Guildford Berton's face, for the vision of the motionless form rose up before him, and the thought that she was restless no longer flashed upon him.

"I will go on with you to the village," he said, "and put this explanation into circulation, and then return to the station. I know the station master very well, and I am sure I can show him good reasons for keeping the booking clerk silent, and he himself will understand that the affair is not to be talked about."

Harman faltered out her gratitude, and they drove on in silence.

"Will you put me down at the inn, Lady Norah?" he said.

Norah pulled up the ponies at The Chequers, and he got out.

"You are letting this matter trouble you, I am afraid?" he said, leaning forward to her and speaking with the deepest respect and sympathy.

The color rose to Norah's pale face for a fleeting second.

"I—I liked Becca—once," she said in a repressed tone.

"Yes, I understand," he murmured. "But do not let it worry you too much. I shall find her in a very short time, and I am sure it will turn out as I have said. She is Mrs. Cyril Burne by this time," and he smiled.

Norah drove off without another look at him or a word of good-bye, and he went into The Chequers.

Mrs. Brown was still surrounded by a knot of idlers drinking her beer and discussing the event of the day, and Guildford Berton advanced to the tiny bar.

"Ah, Mrs. Brown," he said in a cheerful voice that was loud enough to be heard by the persons inside and outside the inn. "I thought you would like to hear the result of our inquiries. It's a very tame ending to the sensation, but we have discovered that Becca South has gone off to a situation she has got in London."

"There now!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, throwing up her hands, and a murmur of surprise—and possibly disappointment—rose from the rest.

"Yes," said Guildford, laughing lightly. "It is a very prosaic finish, isn't it? But I am glad it's no worse."

"Ah, you may well say so, sir," assented Mrs. Brown tragically, "we was just talking of dragging the pond——"

He looked her straight in the face, but still smiling.

"Oh, nonsense; Becca was the last person, I should think, to commit suicide!"

"I shouldn't be surprised at anything Becca South did," said Mrs. Brown, pursing her lips, "and I'm glad it's no worse than it is. But there, it's just like her to go off like a flash o' lightning and without a word to anyone. Why couldn't she tell her aunt and her grandfather like an ordinary girl?"

"Because Becca isn't an ordinary girl," he retorted pleasantly. "But, as you say, Mrs. Brown, we are all glad it isn't worse."

"And what about my Mr. Cyril?" demanded Mrs. Brown in a tone that implied that his disappearance was of far greater importance.

"Oh, he went up to London by the market train," he said carelessly. "Important business, I expect. There is nothing wonderful in that."

"Why, he and Becca must have travelled by the same train!" said someone shyly.

Guildford Berton turned to the speaker leisurely.

"Very likely," he said easily. "However, I am glad the matter is set at rest. Good-morning, Mrs. Brown; good-morning all," and humming an air he sauntered out, leaving them to discuss the termination of the sensation.

Outside on the bench the man Furlong was still lying, apparantly asleep, and Guildford Berton scarcely noticed him.

He made his way back to the station, and got the station master and the booking clerk together, and with the same air of easy carelessness said—

"I daresay you were rather surprised by our visit and our questions, but the fact is we were a little uneasy at the sudden disappearance of Becca South. Mrs. Harman had got it into her head that the had—well, run away; and there was some absurd suspicion that Mr. Cyril Burne was connected with her flight; but I am glad to say that we have just had tidings of her. She has gone up to London to take a situation, and fearing that her people would not let her go she took French leave."

"I see, sir," said the station master. "Lor', if there was a fuss made over everybody that went off suddenly without saying good bye, we should have enough to do on the line."

"Exactly," assented Guildford Berton, "and I am sure we are very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken. By the way," he added as he turned to leave, and as if it were an afterthought, "there has been a good deal of gossip about the girl, and if anyone should ask you any

questions, perhaps you won't mind telling them the truth."

"Certainly, sir, certainly" assented the station master, and Guildford Berton went down the steps again, feeling that thus far his cleverness and his luck were serving him faithfully; but the strain had told upon him, and when he reached the cottage he stood by the door in the wall conscious of a reluctance to enter.

For the first time the forbidding aspect of the place struck him; the dead silence, the grimness conveyed by the high walls, sent a chill through him; it was all so terribly silent; and yet, for all its silence, he seemed to hear faintly, very faintly, the voice of the dead girl who lay hidden under the heap of leaves.

"I'm getting nervous!" he muttered, with a forced smile. "That won't do! Once I lose my nerve——!"

Pulling himself together he put the key in the lock and opened the door. As he did so the man whom he had last seen asleep on the inn bench came sauntering by.

Guildford Berton eyed him curiously, and with the vague suspicion with which he was doomed to regard every stranger henceforth, and as long as life should last; and with a nod, said—

"It is a fine day."

"I've seen better and I've seen worse," said Furlong sententiously, and with a glance at the high walls and as much of the grim cottage as he could see through the half-open door, sauntered on.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

NORAH drove to the Court, and on the way managed to murmur a few words of encouragement to Harman, and at once sent her to her own room. Then, when she herself was alone, with the door safely locked upon the outside world, she faced this that had happened to her.

It was so incredible, so impossible, that at first she felt simply stupefied and numbed; but presently, when she realized that Cyril had indeed deserted her, that she had lost him for ever—for even if he had not married Becca all must be over between them—she uttered a low cry, and flung herself face downwards upon the bed, and a flood of tears came to her relief.

So she lay and cried, her hands writhing together, her beautiful hair strewn on the white coverlid, until her woman's pride came to her aid, and with a moan of shame she rose, trembling but resolute.

This man who had won her heart was not worth a sigh, least of all a tear! He had been acting, she told herself with a shudder, from the very first. All the passionate protestations which had thrilled her to the very soul he had learned by heart; perhaps he had rehearsed them with Becca South! He had been false to the core, and had just amused himself—that was all!—by making love to her.

The shame of the thought that she had been jilted, scorned by a man to whom she had given her whole heart, burnt her like actual fire, and her proud head bowed itself on her breast with the weight of self-scorn and contempt.

And she had believed in him so wholly, had loved him so passionately and devotedly. Had loved? A shudder shook her as something within whispered, "Yes, and love him still!" And with a moan she flung herself on the bed again.

That he had left her, deserted her, for such an one as Becca South, added a refined torture to her. Had she been a lady, one in her own station, she thought she could have borne it better—but Becca, her own maid!

No doubt they were laughing together over his treachery and falseness! For the first time she realized that she was an earl's daughter, and something of the pride of race stirred within her, and increased her shame and humiliation.

And let as she lay there in all the abandonment of her misery a strange vague doubt haunted her, a doubt whether it was possible that she could have been so cruelly deceived, whether Cyril could be so base and vile as facts seemed to make him. Why should he have made love to her, and won her promise to be his wife, if all the time he was in love with Becca South?

At last, with a weary gesture that was at the same time full of determination, she rose and bathed her faced.

Cyril Burne had passed from her life never to re-enter it, and from that moment it behoved her, if she possessed a spark of womanly pride and self-respect, to cast him out from her heart and even from her mind. She would force herself to forget him, or if she thought of him at all to regard him as beneath her contempt.

With trembling hands she did up her hair, and put on her prettiest dress, and then went down stairs, determined so to play her part that no one should suspect that her heart was very nearly broken.

The drawing-room door was open, and she went in and sat down to the piano, and began to play mechanically. Instinctively she wandered into a mournful sonata of Schubert's in harmony with her feelings, and her eyes began to fill with tears. With an impatient gesture she dashed them away, and changed the sonata to a brilliant fugue which filled the room with a magnificent storm of sound, in the midst of which the earl entered.

He paused at the door, looking at her, and listening, and his face softened, or rather grew more proud and satisfied. She was very beautiful, he thought, and she played like a musician. Yes, this daughter of his was a credit to him!

Norah did not know he was in the room until he came and stood by the piano; then she stopped playing and, with a start, looked up at him, and he saw how pale and worn she looked.

"Please do not stop," he said, with a wave of his hand; and she went on playing, but more softly.

He did not guess how keenly her heart ached with the desire to tell him all, and to receive one word of sympathy and consolation from him.

She came to the end of the piece, and the earl nodded approval.

"You play with taste and expression, Norah," he said; then, as if half ashamed of having unbent even so slightly, he added in the same breath, almost as if he were afraid she would make some affectionate response, "By the way, what is this story that I have heard about one of your maids—the girl named Rebecca South?"

Norah winced, but she raised her eyes to his steadily. This was a part of the ordeal she would have to undergo, and she would bear it without making a sign.

"The story, papa?" she said, and her voice was as steady as her gaze.

"Yes," he said impatiently, as if to speak of anything connected with so inferior a person as a servant annoyed him. "I have heard, from my valet, some rumor that the girl has run away. It is not true. I suppose?"

Norah hesitated for a moment, but a moment only.

"Yes, it is true," she said, and she touched the keys softly to conceal the tremor that shook her hand.

The earl raised his brows with marked displeasure.

"Run away from the Court!" he said, as if such a proceeding were as incredible as running away from Paradise. "Why has she done so? With whom has she run away, pray?"

"She is Mrs. Harman's niece," said Norah slowly, and still playing softly, "and Harman is trying to keep it secret. She ran away with—Mr. Cyril Burne."

The earl almost started, and his incipient frown gave place to an expression of satisfaction.

"In-deed!" he said, in a tone of haughty contempt. "It would be scarcely correct to say that it is no more than I expected, as my acquaintance with the—gentleman was so slight; but from what I have heard of him I am not surprised. I trust that it will be a warning to you not to credit every stranger you may happen to meet with all the virtues."

Norah bent her head in silence. She felt that she deserved all that he could say, and yet the cold words fell upon her heart like ice. By an effort she raised her eyes.

"The truth is not known, papa," she said in a low voice. "It is Harman's secret——"

"She need have no fear of my communicating it," he said haughtily. "The girl has left my roof of her own free will, and there is an end of it—and her!"

Norah drew a breath of relief, and he moved towards the door with his slow and stately step; but he came back and stood looking down at her.

"Are you unwell?" he asked.

Norah shook her head.

"I am a little tired this morning, papa," she replied.

"You look pale," he said slowly, as if he were reluctantly telling her of a fault. "Would you like to see a medical man?"

Norah shook her head again, and a faint smile that was more sad than tears crossed her face. No doctor could give her back the Cyril she had loved and lost!

"You have not looked well for some time past," he said. "Perhaps you need a change of air."

"I don't know," said Norah listlessly.

"I am going up to town in a few days," he went on. "I had thought of staying at an hotel, but if you would like to accompany me I will write, and tell them to have the small house in Park Lane ready. There are not many people in town just now, but the change may benefit you. Do you care to go?"

Norah looked through the window undecidedly. Perhaps she would learn to forget Cyril more easily and quickly away from Santleigh.

"Thank you, papa," she replied. "Yes, I would like to go."

"Very well," he said. "I will make the necessary arrangements. You will take Harman with you, and the housekeeper can send some of the servants up at once," and he left the room.

The day passed slowly, draggingly. Norah tried to read, to work, but the book dropped into her lap, and she found herself dwelling upon her trouble, and going over all its details one by one with vivid distinctness. She dressed herself for dinner, Harman being too ill to wait upon her, and went down with a listless step, to find Guildford Berton in the drawing-room.

His presence was a very unwelcome one to her, and her face flushed as he came up to her and, under his breath, said—

"I have wired to my man in London; please do not be anxious."

Before he could respond the earl entered.

"Ah, Guildford," he said, "I am glad you dine with us this evening. I was going to ask you over. We are going to town for a week or two. Lady Norah has not been looking well for some time past, and needs change of air."

"Yes?" he said in his quiet voice. "I trust the change may do her good."

They went into the dining-room, and the earl, as he ladled out the soup, said—

"There were one or two things I should be glad if you will see to, Guilford," and he mentioned several matters connected with the estate.

"Certainly," said Guilford Berton, "I quite understand. Don't let anything worry you while you are away; I will see to everything so far as I can."

"You know more about the estate than I do, I really think," remarked the earl graciously. "I am sure I do not know what we should do without you. We go to the house in Park Lane."

"Yes?" he said. "I will write and tell the people in charge."

"Oh, thank you," said the earl. "I had intended doing so, but if you will be so kind."

"Certainly," assented Guilford Berton, as if it were a matter of course. "Lady Norah will have the room overlooking the Park? And as to horses and so on, I suppose you will hire? I will write to Selby's Lady Norah will want a brougham for herself," he added thoughtfully.

"Order what you think necessary," said the earl indifferently.

Norah sat and listened in silence. She was beginning to understand how Guilford Berton had rendered himself indispensable to her father.

"By the way," said the earl after a pause, "you would be all the better for a change yourself, Guildford."

Guilford Berton raised his glass.

"Oh, I am all right—quite well," he said.

"You scarcely look so," returned the earl. "You are thinner than you were, and paler."

Guildford Berton glanced out of the corner of his eyes at Norah, and forced a smile upon his face, which he knew looked haggard in the light thrown by a shaded lamp.

"Do I?" he said carelessly.

"When I say a change I don't wish to infer that Santleigh is unhealthy. I consider it one of the most salubrious places in England," remarked the earl stiffly. "But change of scene is sometimes an advantage. We could find room for you at Park Lane if you care to come."

The color rose to Guildford Berton's haggard face. To be in the same house with Norah, to go about London with her, to have her to himself for some weeks, just when her heart was sore with the supposed desertion of Cyril Burne! What a chance for him!

"Thank you, you are very kind," he said, carefully suppressing the secret joy which possessed him. "I should be very glad to run up for a few days, but a little later on. These matters you have mentioned must be seen to, and at once."

"You have always been thoughtful and considerate, Guildford. Come up to us, by all means, and as soon as he can."

Norah did not indorse the invitation, but sat, her eyes bent upon her plate. She spoke little during the meal, and rose with a feeling of relief when the butler brought in the port.

Guildford Berton sipped his wine and talked, doing his best to amuse the earl, and it was not until they had got up to join Norah in the drawing-room that he said quite carelessly—

"Oh, about letters. You will have them forwarded, I suppose?" and he kept his eyes down, as he was waiting breathlessly for the reply which would mean so much to him.

"Yes, I suppose so," answered the earl, "It is a nuisance, however."

"Let me see," said Guildford Berton; "you don't want to be troubled with business letters about the estate and circulars, and all that kind of thing. I will tell the post office people to send them to me, and weed them out before I send them on to you. I can detect a business letter by the envelope, I think," and he smiled.

"Thank you," responded the earl with a bow; "that will save me a great deal of trouble. Pray do so."

Guildford Berton's heart gave bound of relief and satisfaction. All the Court letters would now pass through his hands. Not only the earl's, but Norah's!

"Very well," he said. "I don't think I will come into the drawing-room," he added, stopping short at the library door. "The people in town must be written to at once. Please make my excuses to Lady Norah."

He went into the library and sat down to one of the writing tables, but as he laid the sheet of note paper with its gold emblazoned crest before him and took up a pen, a sudden suspicion that he was not alone came over him.

He glanced over his shoulder cautiously and with a haggard smile, for he know that the suspicion was a mere fancy; but he looked round nevertheless, and it seemed to him that a shade, a formless shape, was hovering cloud-like at the end of the room.

He got up, and as he approached the shape appeared to grow less distinct and vanish; but at one moment it had, to his mind, taken the form of Becca, and its face wore the expression of horror which had appeared on hers when she turned and saw him approaching her with the handkerchief tied over his mouth.

He staggered back into the chair and wiped the drops of sweat from his brow, and so sat for some minutes. At last he drew the chair up to the table and began to write, but for the life of him he could not resist the awful impulse to glance over his shoulder now and again; and once or twice he fancied that the awful shape still hovered in the corner of the room.

"The earl was right," he mutterred to himself with a ghastly smile; "I should be all the better for a change. But I mustn't go yet. I must wait for Cyril Burne's letter."

On the following Tuesday the earl and Norah went to London.

Norah by that time was looking still paler and more worn, and Lady Ferndale had almost insisted upon the earl's procuring medical advice for her.

"Take her to Sir Andrew," she said almost imperiously, "and if you have not done so by the time I come up"—she was going to London to stay with friends in a week from thence—"and she is not decidedly better, I shall take her myself."

Norah was surprised to find the house in Park Lane rather large. She had expected to see a tiny little villa; whereas, though it would have gone comfortably into one of the wings of the Court, it was one of the largest of the smaller Park Lane places.

She was also surprised to find that there were so many people still left in London Lady Ferndale and other ladies had assured her that it would be empty; but it seemed to Norah that a great many families were still in town, and she thought that the Park looked still very green and pretty from her bedroom window, which, it turned out, was the best in the house.

She had to thank Mr. Guildford Berton for that. She had also to thank him for the supply of flowers which came every morning from she knew not where, little guessing that he saw them cut each morning from the Court green-houses.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ETIQUETTE OF ACCIDENTS.—According to a book on etiquette, you must never heed any little accident you should happen to meet with when out any where; it looks vulgar. When you unwillingly sit down upon a lady's very best bonnet, don't appear concerned, but smile pleasantly and act as if nothing had happened; otherwise, it would appear as if you thought it the only bonnet she had.

Effie (to Mrs. Bellweather, who has just been speaking of Mr. B.)—"Why, Mrs. Bellweather, I thought you hadn't any husband?" Mrs. B.—"Why, of course I have, Effie. Do you mean to say that you don't know Mr. Bellweather?" Effie—"Yes, but I didn't suppose he was your husband. I thought you hadn't any. Papa said you married for money and that was all you got."

A RAPTURE.

BY MORLEY.

One of those beautiful days, my sweet—
Days like the olden days that we knew—
Summer will set the print of her feet
In a word of green 'neath a sky of blue.

Fair white feet—wherever they go,
Flowers must follow to tend their queen,
And time must turn with a backward flow
To the blossom-time of our Might-have-been!

Ah, my sweet, in those beautiful days
Comes the glad day that shall make you mine!
Birds, go pardise your gleefullest lays!
Sun, as you never before shone, shine!

Lilies, bloom in the woodland ways!
Grass, grow green under dainty feet!
Fairest of all Life's beautiful days
Be the day that sees you return, my sweet!

Information Received.

BY E. S. DREWRY.

IT WAS one bitter December night that for some few hours I did duty for the night inspector at the Maynard Street Police Station, under exceptional circumstances which, even had the temporary substitution of officers come to the ears of the chiefs would have condoned the irregularity—for I was not attached to this station at all, nor was I even a uniform officer.

I was a detective inspector attached to Scotland Yard, and it was a kind of chance as one calls it, that brought me that particular night about twelve to Maynard Street Station.

Six months before a very daring and clever bill forgery had been committed by a man whom I happened to know by sight and I was set the job of finding him, and a job it proved, and no mistake, for the man had got a clear month's start with the money; the forged bills were at three months, but by a mere accident the counterfeit was discovered at a month, just thirty days after he had quietly walked off. However, at last I traced him to America, then to Brazil, from there to France, and lastly—the fool was too secure—back to London.

I had reason to believe that by to-night or next he would be at a certain not very reputable house, which I watched myself from half-past ten, relieving my man. Cold work too, that hour's watch, but my six months' patience was rewarded, for presently out came my chase, admirably disguised as an old man.

As he walked off towards where Maynard street turned off, I quietly followed him, and not a stone's throw from the station arrested him.

"I want you, please, Mr. Nettleship," I said.

He was taken as flat aback as ever a vessel in white squall could be. I hadn't a bit of trouble then to get him to the station hard by and safe locked up, against being charged in the morning at Bow street.

So you see that is how I came to be in there.

"Going home now, I suppose, Overbury," said the inspector as we stood by the fire in the charge-room. "Wish I was instead of four hours more on duty."

Something in his manner made me ask quickly:

"Nothing wrong at home I hope, Carey—no one ill?"

"Yes," he said, huskily; "my little Nell is down with croup, doctor said this evening he'd stop; it's touch and-go, but if——"

We both swung round as the door flew back, and his lad Tom rushed in, crying bitterly, his clothes whitened with snow.

"Father, father, come quick! Mother sent me! Nell—doctor say she's worse——"

"Lord help me! I can't stop here and my child dying, if I'm sacked for it!" poor Carey said desperately.

"Go on, old fellow," I said, gripping his hand for a moment "I'll take your place—it's all right! Get home, and don't come back till——"

I turned away, but I heard a hoarse "God bless you!" and the door shut behind the two—man and boy.

A minute after I just stepped to the large room opposite, and said a few words of explanation to the men there—not many—on night station duty. They said "Very well, sir," and "They were so sorry," which I believed fully, for Carey was a right good fellow.

This police station is built in an old stable yard, the rooms or offices I have mentioned opening from the wide arched passage way that led from Maynard street into the yard itself; the inspector's office was the first door on the left as you turned under the archway, the other door was on the right a few feet further down. An inner door of the first office led to the entrance passage and other rooms of the building.

I went to the arch for a minute and looked up and down Maynard street, just, I believe, from that kind of restlessness which so often follows the relaxation of long and mental strain.

What a bitter night it was, pitilessly dreary and dark; the ghost-like snowflakes falling fast and silent, whitening housetops and window ledges and roofs alike, and glistening into dazzling whiteness where the gaslight shone upon it.

Sounds were muffled as only snow can muffle, and there was not a soul in sight. Who would be out such a night and at nearly one o'clock unless compelled?—yet the next moment some one did come along, plodding his way, a gentleman in a furred ulster, a rather handsome but forbidding looking man, I thought. He said as he passed, "Detestable night, isn't it?—no cabs for love or money. Good-night."

'Good night, sir," I answered, and watched the retreating form, wondering vaguely who he was, whence he came, and if he were homeward bound. I noticed that as he walked each footstep was instantly obliterated by the falling snow.

"I went back to the charge-room and the fire, and as I was totally unprovided for my volunteer duty, I helped myself to some of the food which Carey had brought.

About half-past one two of the usual kind of night charges were brought in—a bedizened woman as drunk as could be and a ruffian caught with burgling tools on him, hiding by a jeweller's shop; both were locked up.

After that all was quiet again, even, towards three o'clock, I may say, terribly still, and O how bitterly cold. So deadly still as to be awesome in the sense of that silent white world outside—so intensely, strangely cold, that even as I sat reading by the fire I felt as if an icy chill were striking into my very flesh and blood—and then that curious, indescribable sensation crept slowly over me which some of us have felt, of not being alone, of being watched by eyes that followed every movement, every breath drawn.

With a shiver, I rose up and forced myself to turn towards the door, and look over the high railed desk table which rose like a counter half-way between fireplace and entrance. I turned, then, and was so startled that for a moment I stood absolutely still as if frozen.

I was not alone. I had heard neither opening nor closing of that door, but I was not alone and—the door was still shut. On the other side of the official desk stood a young and handsome woman, wrapped in a costly fur cloak, with the hood partially drawn over her head; she stood motionless, her white hands clenched on her breast, looking at me—through me—I felt as if piercing to my inmost soul, with such unterable horror in her burning eyes and ghastly face as God send I may never see again.

Who was she? What was she? There was a wedding-ring on her finger, but that was nothing; there was not a flake of white on her sables either. Had it ceased snowing, then, or had she come in a carriage or cab? She must, such a night.

She did not look insane either. And how had she entered so silently? All this flashed through my mind in a second, and then I said kindly, for I pitied her:

"Will you take that seat, madam, and tell me what you want; I am the inspector in charge."

It seemed as if my speaking broke some spell; perhaps it gave her courage. She moved a step forward but neither sat down nor for one second dropped that weirdly horror struck gaze; whether I lowered mine or looked at her I felt her gaze all the same watching me—as mad people do sometimes."

"I want," she said, "to make a confession of blackest guilt and give myself up to justice."

It was not the mere statement or words that went through me with an absolute shock—we often hear such "statements," especially after any great crime—it was the manner and voice.

I saw the bloodless lips moving and every line on the quiver, yet the voice sounded as if it came from a distance, strangely muffled and afar off—low, deliberate, painfully level in intonation, as if under intense suppression, and for all its level tone, instinct with a passion and terror that vibrated in each word.

Outwardly I did not start or move a muscle, but internally I felt a slow horror creeping over my whole being; there was something inexpressibly awful about this woman and her grim errand, here in such an hour and night.

Instead of opening the proper book I took a large sheet of paper upon which to take down her statement—why I never could quite have told.

"Yes," I said quietly, in a matter-of-course, official manner, as if nothing in the world could startle the coolness of an experienced police officer—I am sure nothing ought, all things considered, if any experience can quite make a stock out of a man. "I am all attention, Madam. What is your crime?"

She answered in exactly the same strange voice and way:

"Murder. I killed him six hours ago and then went back home before I was missed by the servants, and my husband was out at his club I knew." She paused as if waiting to be questioned, or too torn with horror and remorse to go on without some aid.

"Who is it you have murdered, then?" I asked, fully expecting the reply I got.

"My lover. He grew tired of a secret intrigue, madly jealous of my husband, and swore at last that unless I fled with him he would betray my guilt. I knew he would do it, too, and as I loved the wealth and worldly position for which I had married a thousandfold more than any human being, it was only a question of which of us should fall—which strike the blow. I would not perish, so he must. And he has," she said, her hands clutching at the fur. But my pity was gone; the woman was a heartless devil. There was little of shame or remorse in this coming to give herself up—she was acting under the frightful, half-mad excitement of horror following the deed. She went on herself:

"I bought a long knife—pistols make a noise. Then I planned to lure him. I wrote to him. I feigned to yield, and bade him meet me one evening at nine in the old place of rendezvous."

"Where was that?" I said as she paused again.

"Where we lived. We shut up the house in the winter and the gardens are let to run wild. I knew about the old unused ice-house hidden by evergreens; it is deep in the side of a dell. I found it out, but no one else knows of it—no one; so the body will never be found. I took care of that."

"And you made your lover meet you near this place, then?" I said, looking steadily at her, and she shuddered.

"Yes," came those far-off repressed tones that were getting almost unbearably terrible to hear.

"I made him kneel as in jest to kiss my left hand, and then, as he bent his head, I stabbed him downwards—downwards, to the heart. I dragged the body into the ice-house when I had made sure he was quite dead, and threw in the knife, shut the door, re-arranged the bushes, and went back home, getting in with my secret latch-key. I felt only the relief from danger at first, but when it grew—later—and I was alone in my room, it came upon me—seized me in its throes—the horror of the bloody deed I had done. My God! The hideous guilt and terror," she said, wringing her hands. "But he forced me to do it! He drove me to it! The fool, to think I cared for him more than gold, and position, and the world's praises."

"Complete your statement, madam," I said abruptly. "Who was the murdered man?"

The woman answered in the oddest way, as if suddenly oblivious of her own horrible confession, and the fact that I should of course on that detain her for inquiries.

"Only an obscure gentleman, with no friends, who even knew where he was; he will never be missed or asked after and never be found. I am safe from even suspicion."

Was she, after all, some half-mad creature under a fearful hallucination? Somehow that idea would not hold me—the grim reality of her confession did—despite the strange, even weird, unreality about her appearance here and characteristics. I said, quietly, keeping a suspicious eye to her movements, though escape from pursuit was impossible:

"Answer me three questions, please madam. Where is the scene of the murder? what was the victim's name? and what is your name and address?"

She gave such a violent start that she quite staggered back a step, and flung out her hands.

"My God!" she said in a hoarse whisper, "what an awful dream!"

With that last word I strode round the desk to prevent her leaving, and in that second, reeled back against the wall with a smothered cry—there was nothing there! The woman, the form, was gone as suddenly, as mysteriously as it had come.

I wrenched open the door and sprang to the arch giving on the street so swiftly that nothing of flesh and blood could possibly have been many paces in either direction, but nothing was in sight; it had left off snowing, but there was not a footprint anywhere in the snow, nor track of a wheel in the roadway.

I turned back to the room, and sat down. I was staggered and thoroughly shaken, I confess, and it was some minutes before I could pull myself together. Then I read again the confession I had taken down, word for word, and folded it carefully away in my pocket-book, thankful I had not written in the usual book.

For I resolved at once to fathom the mystery, if possible, and unearth the crime so strangely revealed to me, by, I had not the least doubt, the murderess herself, not in the body, but whether spirit from beyond the grave, or "similitude" I cared little just now to think, though I had read much and with deep interest about these subjects, and many others too, I may say, for my father had been well-to-do in my youth and had given me a superior education.

That a frightful murder had been this night committed by the real self of the unreal visitant I had spoken with, I felt as certain as of my own existence, but how to find that actual personality, that handsome woman who, false to her husband, assassin of her paramour, lived in the world yet, and passed, doubtless, as one honored, admired, praised of men.

I felt I must discover and unmask her, but where was the clue to find her? Nothing was possible save the hope of seeing her somewhere. I would haunt all thoroughfares and public resorts, when off duty, I thought at length.

Carey came back near four; the little lassie was better, he said, the doctor thought she would pull through.

And she did too, I heard next day when I called to inquire.

* * * * * *

We "tecs," like other folks in their lines, often get our blood up over a difficult piece of work that puts a fellow on his mettle, and I did in my, at present, self-imposed task.

My only confidante was my wife, for Rose could keep her pretty mouth as close as the grave, and besides I wouldn't for the world have had her feel neglected by my constant absence off duty, after six months' absence too. So I told her all.

A week passed without any result from my peregrinations after the unknown murderess, but then she might not even live in London.

I wondered if we ever met—both in bodily form, whether her spirit that had seen me would recall my face, whether she would then fear that her "awful dream"—if sleeping her real self had been—was more than a dream, and that she had in the perturbed spirit actually betrayed the hideous secret of her double guilt to, of all people, a detective. I thought she would, if occult students were right.

One evening I was passing along Portman Square when ahead of me a carriage and pair pulled up, perhaps to take its owners to a dinner party or theatre. It was still a bitter frost, but, rather curious to see who came out, I paused. In a few moments the hall door opened emitting a flood of gaslight across the dry white pavement, and a gentleman and lady came out and crossed to the carriage.

I saw both plainly and caught my breath. The man was the very gentleman who had passed by at the Police Station a week ago and exchanged a word. I knew him at once, and the lady too, even to the rich sables she wore—my strange visitant, but her real self—here in all the glow of life and beauty.

I saw her face plainly under the garish light, no horror in it now, no passion of terror about its lines, or smiling lips, and yet—great Heavens! how false they were! how blood-red the hand that clasped the arm of the husband she had so basely, callously betrayed with scarcely it seemed even the excuse of passion, for in the dark story told me the most painful element perhaps had been the absence of all heart as motive power and the presence only in it all of cold-blooded calculation and mere vitiated pleasure in an intrigue.

I felt a positive thrill of almost triumphant gladness that I had found her, and with her the clue to bring her to justice. I could have pitied her, wished to spare her if she had sinned from the oft-told less heinous motive—but this!—it was devilish, and I was merciless. I had not even the most passing temptation to swerve from my plain path of duty, and spare her. Why her husband might be her next victim if he should chance to thwart her.

I carelessly asked a postman who came by as the carriage swept off, "who that handsome couple from 99 were?"

"Oh, that's Gascoignes," he said, "he's a banker I b'lieve; and aint the missus just good, always gives us a sov. for Christmas

box. I've heerd she's wonderful charitable."

He hurried on, and I went my way. So that was her game, was it, one of her vanities; the world's praises she had meant to keep with her gold, or as a better mask to the vice of her real self. She posed as a dame charitable then, as well as woman of social status, fond help-meet, friend to the friendless!—this heartlessly guilty wife, this cold-blooded murderess!

Now indeed, I set myself quietly to work to find out all about the Gascoignes—Mrs. Gascoigne primarily, the husband incidentally. With well off, prominent people half the difficulties of my starting work were obviated, and the banker at least had nothing to conceal from the world of all such things as are generally known about honest folks.

I need not weary with details of my cautious inquiries and movements; the result of information obtained stood in a few days thus:

Mr. Claude Gascoigne, sleeping partner in certain large banking house, had been married five years. His wife's maiden name was Ward—Olivia Ward—a beauty, but poor; and he had met her at Scarborough.

He was much attached to her, and indulged her every wish that gold could gratify. She was fond of him (I knew better than that!) and bore exactly the repute the postman had said. She was held in highest esteem and liking by everyone, rich and poor,—always attended her parish church regularly, and so on.

They had a cottage ornee at Highgate, in a lovely hilly spot somewhat apart, the garden large and—to please madame—left rather wild and rural.

I visited the place one day, outside, took the bearings and part of the paling where I could best effect entrance to the deserted grounds before dawn, lie perdu till daylight enough to see, and then search for the ice house—the tomb of the murdered man.

A grim enough search it was too, I tell you, in the old gray of the first streaks of the winter dawn, but I found the "dell"—you see I had the clue—for there was not two "dells" where any such place could be—and after careful search I found the right bushes amongst the many that grew, found the hidden door which was bolted as the murderess had left it, and I feared might make a noise—being rusted in by the ten days' damp—so I did not attempt to open it.

Indeed, from this point both duty and caution required a responsible witness. Besides, in truth I was trespassing; we should strictly speaking require a warrant to search the premises. I returned therefore to Scotland Yard, went to my superintendent as soon as I could and told him the whole extraordinary story.

As I had expected he absolutely stared and demanded—"Were you dreaming, Overbury?—ghosts—similitude—what bosh! it's absurd. And Mrs. Gascoigne too!"

But I stood unmoved—steadily persistent in my story and facts which were posing. I had never I said known the lady's existence before, or of such a place as Laurel Cottage, Highgate. He was staggered, I stood so high as a man of probity, capability and superior education.

I clinched his wavering by my common sense—"Let us quietly get the warrant, sir, take the surgeon, and go to-night to search that ice house. If a murdered corpse is not there I'll admit that Charles Overburg is a dreaming fool—and leave the force. If it is there—well we get a warrant to arrest the woman on suspicion. You can hold me to my words, sir."

"By Jove, you've beaten me Overbury!" he exclaimed changing countenance, "your earnestness forces itself on me, strange though your belief seems, you shall do as you wish—we'll go, but I don't know how such a queer story will sound in a matter-of-fact law court."

"I think it need not come out sir," said I, smiling at the idea presented, "from information received, will cover all won't it?"

"Yes. It must. Well you have taken my breath away man."

"It will take hers away, I fancy, sir, when I arrest her," I answered grimly.

* * * * * * *

Well, that night we three went, the superintendent, the surgeon, and myself, absolute secrecy being necessary at present lest the least whisper should reach Mrs. Gascoigne. She was I thought the very woman to take poison if she could not escape.

I got that door of the old ice house open and stepped it first, holding high the lantern.

There it lay at our feet—with the loathsome creeping things of the horrible vault above, below, on the walls—the rigid half-frozen body of a murdered man!

"God help us! you were right!" said the superintendent in an awed manner.

* * * * * * * * *

"Is Mrs. Gascoigne at home?"

At three o'clock the next day I asked that question of the footman who answered my ring at 99 Portman Square.

He looked curiously at me and my companion—then across to my cab. I was well dressed, like any ordinary gentleman, a character I could well assume; my subordinate wore a rougher cloth and had no pretence to pass for gentility.

"Y-es sir, she is at home, but she and Mr. Gascoigne are still at the luncheon table."

"I stepped into the hall, however, my man following at once.

"Give your mistress this card," I said quietly, "and say I wish to see her on business."

The servant took it with a dubious look and went into the dining room, a door on the left. My constable sat down on the hall chair with a nod.

I heard her voice—could I ever forget it? though now it sounded natural, near, not level or full of repressed horror—only in easy surprise, so secure was the woman of her safety.

"Mr. Charles Overbury" the silvery voice repeated from the card. "I don't know such a name; what is he like Josepha?"

"Very gentlemanlike ma'am, tall, fine looking, I should say ma'am, and may be about forty."

"Does he look like an impostor" said the master's voice—I knew that again of course—with an amused tone, "my dear Olivia, your charities draw such folk."

"No sir, he is nothing of that sort I'm sure," returned Josepha respectfully,

"Well, show him in here. Come to the fireside, Olivia."

I was shown into a handsome dining room, but as I entered I saw Mrs. Gascoigne, who was seated by the hearth, change color and, I am certain she held her breath; but in the look she gave me there was puzzlement, as well as a flash of apprehension—or fear.

I merely bowed, and then turned to Mr. Gascoigne, who looked hard at me, evidently not quite sure of recognition, as I said:

"May I ask sir to speak to Mrs. Gascoigne a few words alone—first."

Poor man! if he had only been out, to be spared the shock so suddenly.

"Pardon me Mr. Overbury," he answered my stiffly, "my wife has no business she minds my hearing. By the bye, I think, yes, I am sure now that I have seen you before—the night of the snow-storm, ten or twelve days ago! you were standing outside the Maynard Street Police Station.

I saw his wife start slightly, but I replied deliberately to him.

"Yes, sir. I remember your passing, I was in charge there in those four first morning hours of the 5th. I am a detective inspector"—I paused; a very painful duty was made doubly hard by his presence. Why would he not be spared the revelation of her double guilt and his dishonor before the face of a stranger.

"Well," he said impatiently, "and what is your business here then with my wife?"

There was no help for it.

"This sir," I said—and walking straight to his wife, lightly touched her shoulder. "You are my prisoner Mrs. Gascoigne, charged with the murder of Ambrose Hartland."

With such a cry as might break from a stricken wild animal more than human lips, she fell back in the chair, and her hus band gripped my left arm.

"What the devil do you mean?" he said fiercely; "what monstrous mistake are you under in identity, man!"

"For your sake, sir, I wish to Heaven I had made a mistake," I said, gently releasing my arm, and he fell back a step, gazing, poor fellow, almost wildly from me to his wife's deathly face as she now slowly lifted herself, recovering herself somewhat in very desperation perhaps—audacious after that first shock.

"It is some absurd mistake, of course," she said, moistening her dry livid lips. "Show your warrant please?"

I produced it, read it, warned her to take care of what she said.

"I have nothing to fear or say except that I know nothing."

"I must know more of this though before my wife is touched," interposed Mr. Gascoigne sternly. "Who was this Hartland said be to murdered on the 5th of this month? my wife knows no such person, and if she had why should she murd——" he stopped.

"Because, unhappily, sir, on your wife's own confession to me made about three in the morning of the sixth, at Maynard Street Station, that man was her lover and threatened to tell you unless——"

"By Heaven! you dare to face me with such a black lie as that!" he cried, lifting his clenched hand, but I caught it. I was a powerful man and held him easily.

"Gently, sir, and read this. I don't want to call my man in."

His hand dropped—he was ashen pale, but he never moved as he took the fatal confession, herself in the spirit surely had made. As he read, I coolly took the knives off the table and put them quite away from her reach. I had seen her look and read it.

Then I came near her again.

When Mr. Gascoigne gave me back the paper and turned to his wife, I think I never saw so terrible a change in any man, he might have grown years older in those minutes.

"That was the very hour," he said slowly, "that you woke up with a start that aroused me too, and cried out those very words, 'My God! what an awful dream,' but would not tell me what you dreamed. Was it this, Olivia! speak in Heaven's name—I will know the truth, for your silence is terrible. Have you been faithless or true to me? Answer."

She sprang to her feet like a tiger at bay.

"It is all false!" she cried fiercely, "that paper is a forgery. I was sleeping at your side! How could I be at that man's police station? I was at home all that evening. I never knew any Ambrose Hartland——"

"Stay, madam,". I interposed. "The body was found in the ice house last night, the knife by it. On the body, identified today by his late landlady, we found papers and letters of yours, and the last, arranging that fatal meeting ——"

She suddenly sprang at me and tried to grip my throat—maddened I verily believe, but I caught her hands and bore her back to the chair in almost convulsions.

* * * * * * * * *

I scarcely remember a greater sensation than that trial of Olivia Gascoigne made in world, the more that somehow a few whispers got about of something uncanny at the bottom of its discovery. Link by link the evidence was put together and she was condemned. That night she died. She had managed to choke the windpipe with her own fingers. Mr. Gascoigne went abroad.

I have that paper still in my desk. I hope I may never have such another terrible confession, or such watch as that which I kept at the Maynard Street Police Station.

AN IMPERIAL DRESS.—The Empress of Russia, that bright woman who is the favorite sister of the Princess of Wales, has been lately presented with a very magnificent specimen of the Circassian national costume by one of her ladies, and this valuable present is said to be mainly the work of the giver. The dress consists first of a pointed cap of black velvet, shot with gold, and edged with a wide vein of embroidered silver.

Attached to the cap is a white gauze veil, speckled with silver stars. The long robe tunic is made of garnet velvet, lined with lilac silk, and heavily embroidered with gold. Both sides of the upper portion (bodice) are embroidered with gold, and ornamented with a row of star-shaped buttons, from which hang gold tassels.

The sleeves are short; but the arms and shoulders are further protected by a short jacket of sky-blue, heavily ornamented with gold embroidery, and adorned with twenty three pairs of golden clasps, an inch wide, and studded with turquoises. The clasps are designed to fasten the jacket over the tunic in front; but the custom is to leave the garment loose, and the clasps are intended more for ornament than use.

The tunic is gathered in at the waist by a girdle of garnet velvet, embroidered with gold, and fastened by a large silver clasp, elaborately chased, and studded with turquoises. This confusion of gold and silver, which would seem so discordant in an English costume, is quite usual in the East, and does not seem unbecoming to a barbaric style.

The loose Turkish trousers which appear below are made of cream colored striped silk, embroidered with silver. The shoes are of morocco, ornamented with high heels, which are cased in purple velvet and ornamented with gold. This costume, it is needless to say, is not the ordinary one of the Circassian peasants, or even of an ordinary chieftainess. It is of a type essentially regal, and probably worn only on great gala occasions.

The Princess of Wales is both deaf and lame, but her amiable disposition and pleasant manner cause her physical misfortunes to be overlooked.

Scientific and Useful.

WARTS.—It is fairly established that the common wart, which is so unsightly and often so proliferous on the hands and face, can be easily removed by small doses of sulphate of magnesia taken internally.

TREE-FELLING BY DYNAMITE.—Some interesting experiments have been made in the vicinity of Copenhagen with tree felling for military purposes, by dynamite. The object was to ascertain the saving in time and labor effected by this method, and the results were exceedingly satisfactory. Trees of so much as three feet in diameter were brought down in some twenty to twenty-five minutes, whereas time occupied by ordinary felling would probably have been ten times greater.

MACHINE FOR BUTTERING.—One of the latest and most unique inventions is a machine for buttering bread. It is used in connection with a patent bread cutter, and is intended for use in prisons, workhouses and other reformatory institutions. There is a cylindrical shaped brush, which is fed with butter, and lays a thin layer on the bread as it comes from the cutter. The machine can be worked by hand, steam or electricity, and has a capacity of cutting and buttering 750 loaves of bread an hour. the saving of butter and of bread and the decrease of the quantity of crumbs is said to be very large.

HOW TO CLEAN ENGRAVINGS.—It frequently happens that fine engravings, notwithstanding every precaution, become soiled and stained, and a recipe for restoring them is valuable. Put the engraving on a smooth board and cover it with a thin layer of common salt, finely pulverized; then squeeze lemon juice upon the salt until a considerable portion of it is dissolved. After every part of the picture has been subjected to this treatment elevate one end of the board so that it will form an angle of forty-five degrees with the horizon. Then pour on the engraving boiling water until the salt and lemon juice are well washed off. It will then be perfectly free from stain. it must be dried on the board, or on some smooth surface gradually. If dried by the fire or sun it will be tinged with a dingy yellowish color.

Farm and Garden.

HELP.—One of the gravest difficulties with farmers is to secure good help. There are usually enough of applicants for all positions on the farm, but the capable and efficient help is not to be easily secured.

LOOSE SOIL.—By keeping the surface of the soil loose the loss of moisture by capillary attraction and evaporation will be partially avoided. A loose soil, if of only an inch in depth, serves as a mulch, or covering, over the surface of the ground, thus protecting the roots and assisting to retain the moisture below.

SMALL TREES.—By planting small trees they can be better started and will be less liable to the effects of drought, compared with old trees. Too much top on young trees is a frequent cause of loss, they not possessing sufficient roots to nourish the many new shoots that are produced on tops that have not been cut back.

IN THE FIELDS.—One cause of the stacking of corn in the field is the lack of room in the barns, as it is a bulky crop. Cheap sheds, to keep off the water, will protect the fodder, but the loss of fodder by exposure is due largely to the stacks being improperly constructed, the winds throwing them over. A large proportion of fodder is also trampled by stock and wasted.

MANURE.—If your manure heap is low and you cannot manure all your land concentrate your efforts to a smaller area, or purchase fertilizers. Never attempt to make a small quantity of manure cover a large space. The free use of manure will save labor and loss from drought, as the plants will grow more rapidly at first, send their roots down deep, and get ahead of the weeds.

MOISTURE.—When moisture is plentiful and the rains come at the proper times it must not be overlooked that the weeds are benefitted by the favorable conditions as well as the crops. The rains increase the work of destroying weeds, but much of the labor may be saved by using the cultivator after each rain so as to destroy the weeds as soon as they appear above ground.

A discontented man is like a snake who would swallow an elephant.

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THE ANGELUS.

BY JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET.

This masterpiece of the great French painter has been purchased by an American for the sum of $116 000 and duties, amounting in all to about $150 000 It is the largest sum ever paid for a painting of this size.

Jean Francois Millet, who died in 1875 at the age of sixty, devoted himself to the faithful reproduction of actual rustic life among the French peasantry. During his lifetime he was sorely distressed by poverty and want, and it was not until some time after his death that his wonderful genius was appreciated.

Gambetta makes the following comment on the work reproduced in our etched and colored oleograph: "Millet appears with his marked character of a painter of the seasons, the fields, and the peasants. 'The Angelus,' is his masterpiece in which two peasants, bathed in the rays of the setting sun and full of mystical emotion, bow their heads at the penetrating sound of a bell ringing for evening prayer at the monastery visible on the horizon." All the original colors, and shades are reproduced in *fac simile*, so that our oleograph gives "The Angelus" exactly as seen in the painting itself. Save that it has not actually been painted by hand it presents the full life, beauty and expression of the work as it came from Millet's easel. The gold and red of the setting sun; the dark browns and greens of the field where the peasants are working; the faithful blues and grays of their peasant costumes; the gathering shadow of twilight are all shown with such delicate taste and blending of hues, that the picture stands out inspired with religious sentiment and devotion. A finer copy, and one in which more skill is shown has never before been produced. The size of this famous picture in colors, is 22x 28 inches and a copy will be sent, all postage paid, to every one who sends us $2 00 for one year's subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in advance.

"In Love" and "The Peacemaker"

Are two splendid companion photo-gravures. They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her courteous and kind attention. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for a parlor or sitting-room, could not be desired.

These *two* splendid companion photo-gravures sent prepaid to each subscriber who sends us $2 00 for the THE POST one year.

If preferred we will send instead a copy of the magnificent picture of "Christ before Pilate," size of which is 21x28 inches.

Word and Act.

It is a melancholy fact that the sacred attributes of generosity and confidence, are, in these corrupt times, to be observed with the greatest caution. If not united to a correct judgment, the exercises of them frequently produce serious difficulties. The loss of faith and confidence in the integrity of human character, which should characterise all intercourse between man and man, give birth to the most unhallowed passions, and prey upon the mind with terrific force—and frequently render life a burthen. Such acts lead men to look upon the profession of their fellows, as but mere mockery.

Men, too vain or indolent to gain a live lihood by honest industry, renounce their self respect, and rely upon their own cunning and duplicity, for the means of existence. Such characters are a perfect scourge and create as much human misery, poverty, disease and death, as any of the most prominent vices. No relation, or circumstance of life, is safe from their rapacity. The destitute widow and helpless orphan, are indiscriminately robbed of their last pittance—and the energetic, thrifty and economical business man—who looks upon an honorable name as essential to happiness and his own well being—is frequently rendered bankrupt in purse, health and character by such nefarious machinations, and closes a miserable life in the almshouse, or amid the puerilites of the most debased locations, from which even a soulless beast would shrink.

But society notes it not. So long as he was punctual in his payments, and maintained a character in the business world, he was "one of them;" but if knavery, or any other misfortune, should close his business career, an emphatic "ah!" is the only notice taken of him or the circumstance.

Such unprincipled characters are every where to be found—in the parlor, library and counting house—with pliant tongue and graceful mien, the power of which they know so well, and are made formidable from the confidence they create.

The effects of such a vice are truly lamentable, both to individuals and communities—for there can be no intercourse without confidence. But if confidence is betrayed—if every man looks upon a brother as a cheat and a knave, who can estimate the evil that will flow therefrom?

The indiscriminate habit of borrowing on the most trifling excuse is another great evil. We know a business man who once said to such a character when applied to for a loan:

"I will be frank with you. I have the means, for I strove to be industrious and economical when young; but have not the inclination, for several reasons. I have frequently accommodated others, who made the same promises and assurances that you offer, but from unavoidable circumstances, over which they had no control, failed to meet their obligations. I do not assert that you would be equally unfortunate; but I do maintain that I would not be justified in granting this loan, without being fully convinced of your ability to meet it. It would be neither just or wise for me to endanger my wife and children to want merely to be accommodating. People must befriend themselves, and exercise that forethought and industry which may at all times afford an honorable sustenance. Moreover, if you should be so unfortunate as not to be able to meet the claim, my urging of the claim will produce unpleasant thoughts and personal recriminations, and the only way to avoid all these will be—not to grant it."

If we are any judge of human nature, the above view is correct.

We admire confidence; it is a blessed attribute, and the main spring of all that is bright, beautiful and pleasing in life; the very sun of happiness; whilst a narrow, selfish, bigoted and suspicious mind we heartily despise.

Be circumspect, be vigilant, that you be not unwise in these matters. Seek to cultivate an enlarged view of all that is holy, good, noble, honorable and upright in human character, and strive so to temper your daily word and act, as to be free from all imputations against your fellow creatures.

THE exercise of every faculty is necessary to its development, and therefore to its life. Inaction, fully carried out, means stagnation and death. On the other hand, over exercise of any part tends to exhaustion, and if the period of rest necessary to restore its vigor be denied, it will wear itself out. Health and happiness require that these laws be recognised and obeyed.

EVERY useful invention has been carried out and perfected by the co-operation of many minds, or by the successive applications of varied genius to the same object age after age The mechanic must aid the philosopher, or he must stand still in his demonstrations; and the philosopher must aid the mechanic, or he will work and work without wisdom.

HOUSEWORK is healthy, and many physicians recommend it to women who need exercise. Walking is not enough; it exercises only the legs, while dusting and sweeping bring an entirely different set of muscles into play. It will be found too that many girls will take more interest in their homes if encouraged to assist in the care of them.

THERE is a point in generosity beyond which a man's duty to himself, to his family, and to society at large forbids him to go. There stop. Let no flattery, no representations, however plausible, induce you to take one step beyond it. Lay down common sense rules for your guidance, and let them be absolute laws.

WE need to cultivate our judgment to gain an insight into the root of things, comparing the present standard with universal laws, treating with respectful consideration that which has been honored by time, and giving heart and hand to the new forces at work in our civilization.

HE who does the best he can is always improving. His best of yesterday is outdone to-day, and his best of to-day will be outdone to-morrow. It is this steady progress, no matter from which point it starts, that forms the chief element of all greatness and goodness.

WHEN one looks on the thousand and one poor, foolish, ignoble faces of this world, and listens to the chatter as poor and foolish as the faces, one, in order to have any proper respect for them, is forced to remember that solemnity of death, which is silently waiting.

HABITS are less easily acquired in mature life than in youth; but even then their formation is not impossible if we can only find the right motive. It may not always be the best in itself, but the best that has power at the time and for that individual.

FOR the earnest man or woman there is no end to effort. One aim reached and its difficulties surmounted, another will quickly present itself to the aspiring spirit; and before that is reached other difficulties must again be met.

THE nobler a man truly is, the stronger is his desire to live a yet richer and worthier life; the more valuable his work, the more earnestly does he long to improve upon it.

FRIENDSHIP should be surrounded with ceremonies and respect, and not crushed into a corner. Friendship requires more time than poor busy men can usually command.

NEXT to moral weakness, a fear of difficulties to be met is undoubtedly the most unfortunate mental trait of any young person.

NOTHING is more pitiful than a life spent in thinking of nothing but self—yes, even in thinking of nothing but one's own soul.

WHEN we fancy we have grown wiser, it is only, in many instances, that new prejudices have taken the place of old ones.

HALF the misery in the world comes of want of courage to speak and to hear the truth plainly and in a spirit of love.

IT is the blackest ingratitude to accept the best of any one's endeavors to please you and repay it with indifference.

The World's Happenings.

A Massachusetts woman, aged 67, is down with the mumps.

English sparrows are said to have disappeared from Aroostook county, Maine.

King Leopold, of Belgium, may visit America this fall, with a view of arranging for further developments of the Congo district.

The school children of New York city have cast a total of 122,906 votes for their favorite State flowers. Golden Rod took the lead, getting 26,120 votes.

The Brazilian Government has decreed that patents of nobility shall be abolished with all Orders of knighthood, except one or two of a religious character.

Since certain sections of the tobacco-growing district in the South have been lighted by electricity, the ravages of the tobacco worm are said to have been greatly reduced.

The basin of an extinct crater in Nevada has been turned into a storage reservoir. It is one and a half miles long by one mile wide, and is fed by a canal that taps the Susan river.

Kowalski, a Pole, once "the Poole of Paris," committed suicide recently in a garret. Twenty years ago he had a magnificent shop in the Passage des Princes, and cut for the swells of the day.

The Emperor of Germany has his cards like other mortals. The royal cards have absolutely no ornamentation. In plain Gothic letters they read: "Wilhelm, German Emperor and King of Prussia."

A Leavenworth man proposes to wager any sum between $10,000 and $50,000 that within 30 days he can walk from Leavenworth to Junction City, and never take his feet off mortgaged ground except when crossing a public road or railway.

During the last three years the ancient and reliable rush light and candle caused 201 fires in London; gas was responsible for 564 more, the kerosene lamp started 707 conflagrations, and the dangerous, devastating electric wire caused just three.

Experiments have been made near Copenhagen with tree-felling by dynamite. Trees of three feet in diameter were brought down in from 20 to 25 minutes, whereas the time occupied by ordinary felling would probably have been ten times as much.

Some missionaries in Africa are greatly troubled by the fact that the natives are not at all eager to adopt the dress of the white men. Not even the converts are willing to wear the amount of clothing which, according to missionary ideas, is essential to respectability.

A freight car which passed through West Chester the other day contained the following notice on the side, written with a pencil: "$50 Reward—The above will be paid for the arrest and conviction of the man who invented work, by Camp No. 1, Sons of Rest, Keokuk, Iowa."

The Passion Play at Oberammergau this year will be given every Sunday and holiday from June to the middle of September, the people being poor, and therefore obliged to devote the regular week days to their work, which consists mostly of wood and ivory carving.

A woman in Americus, Ga., is using a lamp chimney that she has used daily for the past 8 years, and she expects to use it for many years yet. She says that she boiled it in salt and water when it was bought, in 1882, and no matter how large a flame runs through it, it won't break.

A farmer at Ipswich, Mass., while plowing one day recently, turned up an Indian idol of solid stone in the shape of a serpent. It is 30 inches in length and of dark color. It is to be deposited in the Essex Institute collection, at Salem, Mass.

What is said to be the largest shad ever caught above tidewater in the Delaware river was taken a few days ago in the net of William Smith, an old fisherman, at the Lambertville, N. J., fishery. It measured 21 inches in length, 8 inches in breadth and 5 inches in thickness, and weighed 14 pounds.

Ice serves the double purpose of soap and water with some of the "wateraide characters" of New York. It is no uncommon thing to see a workman walking along the East River front at the noon hour and industriously scrubbing grimy hands with a small piece of ice. It makes an excellent mechanical soap.

Prince Bismarck is reported to be restless and uneasy in his enforced retirement. He is said to busy himself with writing scores of letters, which he no sooner finishes than he destroys. He suffers terribly from insomnia, and drinks brandy in such quantities that the physicians fear disastrous results to the brain.

The project of introducing the American black bass into British waters is again being mooted. The only drawback seems to be what the English papers term the "Yankee voracity" of the bass, who, on taking up new quarters, at once proceeds to exterminate the older residents and make the stream wholly his own.

Some years ago European dress began to come into vogue in Japan for women as well as for men, but a reaction has set in. The Japanese women are not satisfied with the ordinary dress styles of civilization, but they are unwilling to return to their old dress, and hence they have been making a study of "rational dress."

The Chinamen of Astoria, Oregon, are amusing themselves with a huge top made out of an empty 25-pound white lead keg. A square opening is cut in the side, and it takes three men to spin it, one to hold the top and two to pull the string with a stick which sets it in motion. While spinning it sounds like the whistle of a steamer, and can be heard three blocks away.

The natives of San Remo and Mentone, where so many consumptives from other places have spent their winters under medical advice, are beginning to suffer from the disease themselves, and twenty of the leading medical authorities of the district have taken steps looking to their better protection from infection from tuberculous microbes. This will diminish the popularity of the Riviera district as a health resort.

SO LITTLE WAY.

BY C. LOWATER.

So little way we have to go together,
Why should we fret, and look for stormy weather?
If love speaks fast or slow,
Why grieve: do you not know
This is true love that speaks, and tho' it falter
And may seem tired, true love can never alter?

We have so little chance to give a token
Of love, why leave a single word unspoken?
One kind word left unsaid
May bow a dear one's head
In sorrow: for she knows not, if untold,
What loving words your heart, unsaid, may hold.

Love has so many faults that vex and pain us,
But shall they then from her fond side detain us?
Some day—it may be near—
E'en love's faults will be dear,
And we will prize words that to-day bring sorrow,
For sake of her who uttered them, to-morrow.

A Surprise.

BY W. G. W.

"MY dear Laura, they are charming, both of them;" said Mrs. Milverton to Lady Laura St. Oysth; "you must know them! I remember you are a little prejudiced on the subject of chance acquaintances; but really these people are nice enough to make one forget all the musty rules which ultra-particular people follow in such matters."

"I have seen one of them since I have been in the Park," answered Lady Laura; "Miss Milroy rode past not two minutes ago. She seems to be making her way in the world pretty fairly, judging from the number of cavaliers she had about her. Of course I can't speak for the quality of her following."

"Is she here already? Well, as to the men, I fancy I can tell you the names of most of them. There was that black-bearded Spaniard who says he is attached to the Legation of the Mosquito States; there was Tedworth James, and most likely your friend Jack Hambro,"

"I did not see him," said Laura sharply. "As to those I did see, I don't think I shall go out of my way to know your young friend for the sake of her entourage."

"But didn't you notice her brother?" inquired Mrs. Milverton.

"No, dear; but you see a great deal of him, don't you?" returned Lady Laura, in a sarcastic tone.

"I see them nearly every day. But, seriously, Laura, I shall bring Miss Milroy to you on Tuesday—and I know you'll thank me."

"As you've set your mind on it, Clara, I won't say another word. I know your force of character; and henceforth I'll cut every one who dares to hint Miss Milroy and her brother are the most charming people in town."

"Oh, I forgive all your chaff! You'll find that I have not said too much in their favor; there's as much difference between their conversation and the vapid small-talk one hears every day of one's life as there is between a glass of sharp sparkling water fresh from a German brunnen and the insipid fluid drawn from the tap in your butler's pantry."

"Really you are not very polite, my dear Clara. My talk is not Milroy talk, so I suppose it must be of the tap in the butler's pantry eloquent description. I half repent having given you the leave to bring those young people; and, if you don't talk about somebody else, I'll recall it."

"Too late, ma chere. You'll see Miss Milroy on Tuesday, and perhaps her brother as well. Good-bye; I shall be with you to-morrow!"—and she turned her horse's head away from the rails, and set off at a canter down the Row.

Mrs. Milverton was a widow of some four years' standing. Her husband, at the time of their marriage, was just double her age; but, in spite of this disparity, their married life was a happy one.

When Mr. Milverton died, his widow mourned for him sincerely; but she did not for one moment pretend that for the future life was to be a solemn business with her.

She had scarcely been trained in the right school to fit her for the rigid discipline of that highly respectable class of English society which she was destined to meet as the wife of Mr. Joshua Milverton. The world which dined at Mr. Milverton's table and filled his drawing rooms might be described as that of "Mayfair tempered by Lombard Steet."

Clara had been educated as a pensionnat in St. Petersburg, where she was born. Her father was a merchant there, a man of great wealth; and her early experience of life had been gathered in the cosmopolitan society of that brilliant capital.

She married at eighteen, before she had had time to distinguish between the dross and gold of the world in which she lived; and, when she arrived, a bride, in London, she found that the frank proclamation of her ideas of life both shocked and puzzled the worthy people who came to welcome her. Their welcome was perhaps inspired by a sense of duty—it was their duty to show this young semi-barbarian, both by precept and example, how the wife of a merchant-prince should comport herself; and accordingly they asked her to sit at their tables and learn wisdom.

But Clara was an enthusiast; and, as time went on, her warmest friends were forced to confess that she did sometimes drift rather near the boundaries of eccentricity.

Mr. Milverton's bachelor-friends generally shook their heads in commiseration whenever any mention was made of his matrimonial venture. "She has always some pet musician or converted Hindoo or impeccable working man to throw at your head," said one. "She is mixed up with the secret societies of the Continent; and I know as a fact that she sends a heavy sum every month to a committee at Verviers," said another.

"I hear the Russian Ambassador has sent for some officials of the Third Section from St. Petersburg on purpose to watch the people who call on her," said a third.

As John Milverton's widow however she received very different treatment.

She had twenty five thousand a year to spend as she liked, so she allowed to do a great deal that was eccentric without being called anything else than interesting.

At last she began to find that the world was very ungrateful to her in spite of her efforts to regenerate it, so she resolved to let it get along as well as it could without her assistance, and set to work to live as a rich young widow should. She left the gloomy splendor of the Milverton family family mansion, and occupied herself in making the house in Park Lane as bright and pretty as the London atmosphere would allow.

Her husband's friends—the people who were always lamenting that she did not take up her proper position in society—were gradually dropped by her, although many of them were quite ready to condone, or even approve, in Prak Lane things they had condemned in Grosvenor Square.

Mrs. Milverton had spent a part of the winter at Amelie-les-Bains. When she arrived there, she found that the reigning belle was a Miss Sadie Milroy, a very pretty American girl, whose costumes were the despair and envy of friend and foe alike.

The young widow had halted at Paris and had filled her trunks with new dresses; so, when she appeared for the first time at morning music, the world of Amelie was conscious that a rival star had arisen. The world was even anticipating a war of toilettes between Miss Miss Milroy and the new-comer, when one morning it was discovered that a treaty of amity and affection had been concluded when war to the death had been hoped for.

Miss Milroy was indeed a very handsome girl, graceful in figure and carriage as well as comely in face.

Her beauty was of that delicate transparent order which has become typical of the American belle. Her eyes were wonderfully bright—a little too penetrating perhaps—and her nose and chin were delicately formed.

She had all the assurance of an experienced woman of the world; and, when she talked, even of the most ordinary things she always spoke with that quaint vigor of expression which makes American women, even when they chatter, so much more tolerable than their English sisters. On the second day after Clara Milverton arrived at Amelie Miss Milroy approached her and began a conversation at once.

"I observed your arrival the day before, yesterday. You are English, I presume?"

"I am," answered Clara, with a smile. "I cannot say I expected to find many English or American names in the visitors' list here, much as our own countrymen travel, but I see that there are plenty of both."

"Oh, my, yes—lots of them; but they're not the sort to suit me—the Americans, I mean! There's one family here—the Blacklings—whose father made his money scavengering the streets of New York; and now the girls dress three times a day, and wouldn't wear a shoe-lace if it didn't come from Paris. But what's the good of buying Worth's dresses if you can't put them on right?"

"You don't find the English too smart in the matter of clothes, do you?" queried Clara.

"Those I've seen look like old clothes-dealers retired from trade and wearing out their surplus stock. You're here for the baths, and will stop your four weeks—is that so?"

"Yes; that's my intention at present,"

"And you mustn't change it! You'll excuse my saying so, but I was as pleased as a schoolgirl with a new frock when I saw you drive up. It did my eyes good to see a smiling face among all these grays. That hat of yours came from Paris, I think?"

"You are right," said Clara, amused at the girl's free and frank manner. "I can assure you that I am equally glad to find you here."

"I'm waiting here till my brother comes back from Spain," observed Miss Milroy. He's after some mining business in the mountains just over the frontier; and, as soon as he's done there, he'll come back, and we'll be off to Nice."

About ten days later Mr. Charles Milroy returned; but by that time Miss Sadie was no longer desirious of leaving Amelie. She had vowed eternal friendship with Mrs. Milverton, and now expressed her firm conviction that she could no longer live apart from Clara's charming presence.

The attraction was mutual; and Mrs. Milverton formed a plan for her new friend to return with her to London in the spring and see a little of English society as it ought to be seen.

The carrying out of the plan meant a complete change in the Milroy programme; but Miss Sadie's brother assented to it placidly; and, when Mrs. Milverton's course of baths came to an end, the two ladies moved on to Paris, where they remained till after Easter.

Mr. Milroy stayed behind at Amelie. His business seemed to be of an exacting nature, and he was apparently never able to travel far from the Spanish frontier. He was continually receiving telegrams, and was now and then visited by a Spanish gentleman, who used to come and go with startling rapidity. Before she said good-bye to him however, she made him promise that he would come to London to fetch his sister.

Clark was not one of those people who do things by halves.

She worked with a will among her friends on Miss Milroy's behalf; but still Sadie was not so well received as the other Americans of the year—the Van Spenders, for instance, who had really nothing remarkable about them except their fine clothes.

But then the Van Spenders never talked, they were pretty to look at, and they had letters of introduction to the American Minister.

By their statuesque silence they avoided giving offence, and their letter of introduction was always deemed a satisfactory reply to the question, "Who are the Van Spenders?"

Miss Milroy had no such guarantee; and, when people asked who she was, they were told, 'Oh, Mrs. Milverton picked her up in the South of France—at Monaco, I think!" And she was by no means silent in society. Her free comments and speeches might be very amusing, but they often shocked the people she ought to have conciliated.

"I knew a Mrs. Race at Nice three winters ago. I presume she's some connection of yours?" she said one day to Mrs. General Race at a horticultural fete. "Ah, yes, I thought it was so! Mrs. Race probably never mentioned my name to you as we had a little difference. The first season I was in Nice Mrs. Race used to take me about with her, as mamma was ill that winter. Well, the next summer, when I was in Switzerland, I heard, a lot of very strange reports about her and Lord This, and Count That, and Doctor the Other; so I concluded that she and I had better part company. When I went back to Nice, I never called; and one day she came up to me at the 'Mediterranee,' and asked me why I had never been near her: and then I was forced to say that I didn't care to have my name coupled with hers any longer, as she was so much talked about. 'Twas the only thing to be done, you know, because, if that story was true—I mean the one——"

But this was more than Mrs. General Race could bear, and she swept away, her heart filled with venom against Miss Sadie, though she knew that what that young lady had said was perfectly true.

Mrs. Milverton however hoped great things from her dear friend Lady Laura St. Oysth, who had certainly made excellent use of the good things which fortune had showered upon the young widow. Lady Laura could have a seat in Clara's Opera-box whenever she might wish for one; the Milverton villa at Cannes had been placed at her disposal while Clara was at Amelie, and she had been able to keep house there in a fashion which had been impossible had she been obliged to pay rent. But, notwithstanding these benefits, there was nothing in her heart like friendship towards the donor; and Clara was almost the only person in their set who did not know this.

The latter always found herself just one place below her "dear friend;" and to an envious woman this in itself is an irreparable wrong—a wrong for which not all the tokens of Clara's kind-hearted bounty could atone.

Mr. Milroy appeared in London at the beginning of June; but he was so much altered in person that Clara hardly knew him. At Amelie he had been careless in dress, and used to wear a beard and a ragged mustache. Now he appeared in a Saville Row costume, his beard had vanished, and his mustache was trimmed and waxed at the ends, a la Empereur.

He and his sister took a pretty little set of rooms in Green Street.

They knew no one in London, except Mrs. Milverton, so their visiting-list was not very long at first; but Clara worked for them with a will, and before many weeks had gone by cards came dropping in.

Still she felt that Lady Laura had not done what she might, and the first time she met her in the Park she returned to the matter and pleaded her cause, with the result that she received permission to take Miss Milroy with her to the St. Oyth mansion.

This particular Tuesday of Lady Laura's was her great effort of the year. She had been unusually as regarded her preparations. An Asiatic traveller who had approached nearer to the city of the Grand Lama than any one else, a great Bulgarian pianist, and a Hindoo reformer with a new religious and social system ready for use were the "big fish" she had captured. Three quarters of a column in the Journal of Fashion was devoted to an account of the matinee, and the people who read their names therein the next morning were proudly conscious that they had assisted at one of the principal "functions" of the season.

Mrs. Milverton arrived with Mr. Milroy and his sister, and, as the ladies entered, significant glances were exchanged by certain ladies.

Mr. Milroy was a quiet gentlemanly man with a subdued and deferential manner, and the rumor soon went round that he was a Southerner, one of the "chivalry" ruined by the war of secession.

He certainly seemed to know a great deal about the Mexican frontier and the natural resources of that fertile but lawless region, and he had not been in the room an hour before he was deep in conversation with the younger brother of a duke who was interested in the training of mustangs.

She hostess spoke several gracious words to the young American, and when she said good bye to Clara Milverton, whispered to her that she quite forgave her for bringing both the Milroys.

As time went on it seemed that those persons who had glanced at one another so significantly on the occasion of Lady Laura's matinee were in a fair way to witness the fulfilment of their prophecies.

Wherever Mrs. Milverton went there was Mr. Milroy to be seen; and it was quite evident that this assiduous attention was in attention was in no way displeasing to the lady.

One Sunday afternoon there was a gathering in Lady Laura's drawing-room, and just as the talk was veering round towards the topic of the day, a certain Colonel Gripley was shown in. The Colonel, having retired on half pay, had been working hard all the season to secure the prize which likely to fall to the share of a "confounded Yankee." He was a dark-skinned man, with an expression on his face which gave him the appearance of being always in a towering rage.

"It is not announced yet, I suppose?" he began, after greeting the hostess. "I've just seen Dick Mountain, who knows one of the fellows at the American Legation, and he tells me that no one in London or in Paris knows anything about this Mr. Milroy."

"If there's a mystery about him, that makes him all the more dangerous, Colonel. Women delight in the mysterious. But perhaps he has cleared up everything to her, and satisfied her that his family is more ancient than the Van Spenders', and that his fortune is all in Five twenties or Consols," said Lady Laura. "Perhaps she has simply found a pleasant friend who happens to be a man, and talks to him because she likes to do so. I'm sure Mr. Milroy looks very pleasant."

"He's a capital fellow," declared Jack

Hambro, a determined foe of the Colonel's; "and, if he does cut you out, Gripley, you need not take it much to heart. I fancy he's the most awkward rival you've met for many a year."

The Colonel's face flushed and his brows contracted even more than usual. Hambro's speech had stung him sharply; for he was a notorious fortune hunter, and was to be found every season in hot pursuit of some widow or orphan more or less richly endowed. He was evidently going to make an angry reply, when Lady Laura stopped him.

"Well, Colonel, if she does throw you over, why not make up to the fortunate man's sister? There'll be a sort of a relationship between you and Clara then; and Miss Milroy is really charming."

The Colonel tried to smile, but the effort resulted in a dismal failure.

"I ought to thank you for your suggestion—hawl—but I don't know why you and Hambro should run away with the idea that Mrs. Milverton——"

"Now, Colonel, qui s'excuse s'accuse, you know!" said Lady Laura, laughing.

"You couldn't do better, Gripley," observed Hambro. "She's a smart little woman, and good style too; but the Milroys are Southern people. The mother was a Spaniard."

"Those are the first facts I've heard about these interesting strangers, rejoined the Colonel. "You've made a valuable contribution to contemporary history, Hambro; but, if you got your information from the young lady herself, I think you had better verify it from an independent source."

"Surely you don't mean to doubt the young lady's word, Colonel Gripley?" queried Lady Laura.

The Colonel was about to reply, when Miss Milroy was announced. In a frank and graceful manner she made some apologies for not having called before; and the Colonel, seeing a mischievous twinkle in Hambro's eyes, retreated at once.

"Hope I didn't frighten that old gentleman away. He looked as solemn as a deacon at a funeral. Well, Lady Laura, I'm right down ashamed I haven't been to see you before—but here I am at last. And how are you, Mr. Hambro? I have just come from Park Lane, where I left Charles and a lot more in council about the theatricals. Thank you, I'll have another piece of bread-and-butter, Mr. Hambro. I had to hurry over lunch, and now I'm as hungry as a bear."

"And what part are you going to take?" inquired Lady Laura.

"Tain't decided yet. I want to be a comic housemaid; but it isn't certain if we can have that piece at all, because we can't find a policeman. Now, if you'd be the policeman, Mr. Hambro, that would be lovely. You'd look splendid in a blue coat and bright buttons."

"Well, that's a tempting offer!" said Hambro, laughing. "I think I'll go round to Park Lane and ask for the part at once. It may be gone by to-morrow."

"Have you acted much at home, Miss Milroy? Didn't I hear you say you once took part in some theatricals in New Orleans?" queried Lady Laura.

"Act at home! Oh, my, no—the old folk were awful serious! They'd have had fits at the notion of going to the theatre and, as to my acting, I'd have been on bread-and-water and Pilgrim's Progress for a fortnight if I'd hinted at it."

"You should prevail on them to come to Europe and get rid of such old-fashioned notions" said Lady Laura.

"Now that sounds funny, that does, Lady Laura. People generally talk about going to America to get smartened up, But maybe you're right. Marma doesn't like Europe."

"Didn't you tell me she had been with you at Nice?" inquired Hambro. "That's a good place for getting rid of strait-laced notions. You should take your father there too,"

"Take parpa to Nice! Oh, my, no! If you'd seen the trouble I had to make folk swallow marma, you wouldn't like that. Parpa isn't Nice style at all. But about these theatricals, Lady Lady? Mrs. Milverton said she wanted to consult you; and it's likely she'll bring Charles round with her."

In a few minutes Mrs. Milverton and Charles Milroy arrived. The talk naturally drifted towards the great theatrical question; and, with Hambro's acceptance of the policeman's part, the last difficulty vanished. Everything was now satisfactorily arranged, and, before the widow left, she told her dear friend of another lately concluded arrangement by which she herself was to become Mrs. Charles Milroy.

People had talked so much about this event as one which was bound to happen sooner or later that the interest kindled by the final announcement was very languid. Two persons however felt strongly on the subject, and these were Colonel Gripley and Lady Laura St. Osyth.

Her ladyship felt sure that any husband, English or American, would want to know how Clara's income was expended; and from her own experience of husbands she fancied that those items most profitable to herself would be the first to be questioned.

The Colonel was furious at the loss of his prize and at the prospect of being for the rest of the season a subject for sarcastic commiseration on the part of those who had credited him with designs upon the widow's fortune.

And so it happened that these two drifted into an alliance. Hitherto they had not been very intimate—Lady Laura indeed had made it no secret that Colonel Gripley was not one of her favorites—but now community of dislike proved a wonderful reconcilier. They met every day—sometimes twice a day; and, as time went on, a third person was admitted to take part in their consultations. This was a little weasel-faced man with watery inflamed eyes, an ugly "goatee" beard, and thin straggling whiskers.

He spoke with an accent which it was impossible to localize, and seemed to be a stranger in London; but he was out all day long, generally walking in a leisurely way along Park Lane.

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"I see there's a report in New York that they have got some clue to the whereabouts of Mr. George Wallis," said Jack Hambro to his neighbor in the smoking-room of the Panopticon Club.

"Wallis? Oh, isn't he the fellow who bolted with a lot of Treasury bonds last year? I rather wish he may get off with his plunder. He's a clever rascal, and the men who are trying to capture him are as rascally as he is, only not so clever."

"My dear Percival, you are always down upon Americans! Upon my word, I think they're rather good fellows as a rule! Look at Milroy!"

"Ah, Milroy is a southerner, and he hates Yankees and republicans as much as I do! He told me the other day he hoped to live to see a monarchy in America."

"He wishes for a pretty long life then—that's certain; and well he may, with the prize he won—lucky beggar! But I fancy he'll let American politics alone now. Hallo, here's Grip. Let's ask him if he knows when the wedding is to come off. Morning, Colonel! You're going to the Park Lane theatricals, I suppose?"

"Hawl—yes, I think so."

"I hear that the scene where Mrs. Milverton faints in Milroy's arms is being rehearsed to such an extent that they expect absolute perfection."

"Indeed? Mr. Milroy is a clever actor, so I'm not surprised at the news."

"Really you're very generous to admit so much," said Percival.

"I don't know why you should say so," rejoined the Colonel, "I happen to know that Mr. Milroy is a very clever actor—much more clever perhaps than any of the people who are going to act with him suspect; and there's nothing particularly generous in mentioning the fact."

"I never saw Grip do the mysterious before," observed Hambro, as the Colonel left the room. "What does panegyric on Milroy's acting mean? I expect he intends to get up a clique to hiss the American accent."

"Oh, he isn't such a cad as that," said Percival, "though he isn't very particular! Besides, Milroy isn't a man to take liberties with."

"By Jove, it's half past four! I'm due at rehearsal. See you at dinner, Percy."

* * * * * *

Lady Laura helped her friend Clara in getting up the theatricals, but she would not act. She made a most efficient stage-manageress, selected the pieces, ordered the costumes and superintended the pulling to pieces of the house in general, and of the drawing-room in particular. There was to be, as lever de rideau, a short farce, in which Miss Milroy and Jack Hambro were to disport themselves as housemaid and policeman until the audience should be in their places; and a melodrama, with the hostess and Mr. Milroy in the leading parts, was to follow. The scene of the drama was laid in Mexico, and the costumes were said to be something wonderful.

"Mr. Milroy, you really must have a bushy black beard and mustache. You act Juan to the life, but you don't look him," said Lady Laura, just as one of the rehearsals was beginning.

"Juan is a terrible villian in the play, Lady Laura; but I was flattering myself that he could not possibly have been such a scoundrel as I look. Have you marked the leer of sardonic malice which I throw into my left eye?"

"Oh, you look delightfully wicked; but you are too smooth, too gentlemanly! You must have a beard in that scene where you put the bowie knife between your teeth and tie Silas P. Meagrims to the tree. You can't look fierce enough as you are—you can't indeed! Live ordered Tofts to come this afternoon to measure you; and, if you don't do as you are told, I'll tell Clara!"

"There's no resisting you, Lady Laura. We are your slaves, all of us, so I expect I'll have to give in. But need the beard be black? The bowie is to be blood-stained, so perhaps the beard had better be red, to harmonize."

"No—black is best. Black and red form a good contrast."

At this point Clara entered as Dona Rafaela, and the rehearsal began.

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At ten o'clock the carriages were already in rank opposite to Mrs. Milverton's house. The guests were laudably punctual, and by the time the farce was over the drawing-room was quite full. Then the curtain rose for the great event of the evening.

Don Diego—the honorable Herbert R. Spicer—began by pouring sickly words of devotion into the unwilling ears of Dona Rafaela—Mrs. Milverton.

After his exit, Rafaela, declaimed for a few minutes concerning the cruelty of her destiny, which was forcing her to wed such a scarecrow as Diego while her heart was given to her wild wicked darling Juan. However she soon gave up talking to rest her head upon the shoulder of her darling hero, who entered by the window. As Milroy walked up the stage, it was remarked how completely his false beard and mustache had changed him.

There was a little weasel-faced man, one of the refreshment contractor's officials apparently, who was stationed in front to keep the curtain clear of the footlights, and he seemed so deeply impressed by Milroy's impersonation that he kept his eyes steadily fixed upon him for at least five minutes.

At the end of the first act the audience drew a sigh of relief, and many rose and went to seek a little fresh air.

While the floodgates of chatter were opened in all directions, Colonel Gripley was seen talking to the weasel faced attendant, telling him, most likely, to be very careful not to let the curtain catch fire.

The second act began and ended without mishap. Certainly now and then the voice of the prompter was heard; and on one occasion a well meant attempt at patnos on the part of Don Diego caused a titter in a part of the room where certain freinds of the Honorable R Spicer were sitting.

There was only one trifling contretemps all the evening. Soon after the second act began, Miss Milroy rose and left the room, and, as she passed Lady Laura, she whispered—

"I've a bit of a headache. I'll go and lie down for half an hour, and then I'll be all right."

"You look pale," said Lady Laura; "but you get well again by supper-time."

The curtain fell, and the actors in costumes came forward; then there was an interval of pleasant talk till the supper was announced.

Colonel Gripley's strident voice was heard above all the rest, congratulating the hostess on the brilliant success of her evening, and assuring Milroy that he was a born actor, and would certainly make a sensation in London before the season was over.

Supper was served in the drawing room. There were tables on the stage and in what had just served as a green room. The hostess and several of the actors sat at a table just opposite to the door leading into the conservatory, the windows of which were open. Miss Milroy's headache did not allow her to be present. The servant who went to inquire for her came back to Clara with the message that Miss Milroy, feeling no better, had gone home.

"There's too much draught here, I think," said Milroy to his lady-love. "Here is my Spanish cloak—let me put it around you."

"No; I'm not in the least cold—I'm quite warm. You shall wear the cloak yourself. It will serve him right to make him wear it—won't it, Laura?—and hide all that finery of which he's so proud," returned Mrs. Milverton.

Milroy protested, but he was forced to give way and put the cloak over his shoulders. The hum of talk grew louder as the champagne flowed more freely; but, above it all, those who sat near the open windows could plainly hear the voice of a woman singing below in a street.

"What a lovely voice!" exclaimed Lady Laura. "That is no ordinary street singer; and what is that she is singing?"

"Oh, it's an italian serenade," said Gripley—"I recognize the words! In Malta one hears them every night."

"I confess I did not think it was Italian," returned Lady Laura. "It seemed hardly smooth enough. What do you say it is, Mr. Milroy?"

"I think the Colonel is right. He has been in Malta, and has heard more Italian songs than most of us, I dare say," replied Milroy, with his usual grave politeness.

The singer was now close under the window, and the words of her song could be heard quite plainly.

"I think it is Spanish," said Hambro. "You ought to know, Milroy—you've been in Spain."

"One moment," rejoined Milroy, holding up his hand, pleading for silence. "I think I caught a word. It is Spanish, I believe. I'll just show myself in this dress to the singer, and she'll fancy she's back in Madrid."

Milroy rose, and went through the conservatory out on to the balcony. Soon the voice ceased, but Milroy did not reappear. After quite five minutes had passed, Colonel Gripley rose, his countenance rather disturbed.

"Are you going to leave us too, Colonel?" queried Clara.

"Hawl—I was just going to see what has stopped the singing—that is all," as he passed out of the room.

A minute later the Colonel returned, and, rushing through the supper room, looking neither to the right nor to the left, regarding neither hostess nor guests, made for the door and disappeared.

Gripley's exit was too noisy and precipitate not to attract notice, and at the table where he had been sitting there reigned a most uncomfortable silence. There was a look of consternation on Lady Laura's face; and Mrs. Milverton appeared to be piqued at the strange behavior of her fiance.

"What on earth can have made Gripley run out of the room in that fashion, and in the middle of supper too?" inquired Hambro.

"And why does Juan stay so long upon the balcony?" exclaimed Mrs. Milverton. "I wish you'd just go and look after him, Mr. Hambro.

Hambro returned in less than a minute with a very blank face. He leaned over to Mrs Milverton, and said in a low voice—

"Mr. Milroy is not on the balcony."

"Not on the balcony? You are joking, Mr. Hambro! We all saw him go; and there's no other way out. But I'll soon find him, you'll see!"

She rose and went out. All the while Lady Laura was talking with apparent unconcern to her neigubor, and Hambro sat with a puzzled expression upon his honest face. Suddenly he sprang to his feet and rushed into the conservatory, for there was a loud crash, as of a vase falling upon a marble floor. At the entrance to the balcony he found Mrs. Milverton lying in a swoon, and the broken pieces of a large vase, which she had evidently knocked down as she fell, lying beside her. The news soon went round that Mrs. Milverton had been taken suddenly ill, and half an hour later all the guests were gone.

The next morning there were numerous inquiries after her health; but before the evening a piece of intelligence was spread about which made the sudden break-up of the party the talk of the town.

The report was of a strange and sensational character. It declared that the man who had wooed and almost won the charming Mrs. Milverton was no other than George Wallis, the famous American swindler, for whom the police on both sides of the Atlantic had been watching for the past six months.

They were indeed close upon his track, and had planned to arrest him as he was leaving Mrs. Milverton's house on the night of the theatricals; but somehow a warning was conveyed to him during supper that the house was watched. He made some excuse to go on to the balcony, and swung himself to the ground, it was supposed, by means of the iron pillars.

The police were watching the front door in Park Lane; but the balcony from which he descended was in a side-street, and he was thus able to escape.

His sister, or confederate, had left the house during the evening under the pleas of illness; and it was supposed that she first suspected danger and somehow conveyed a warning to her brother.

For a week at least Colonel Gripley enjoyed the distinction of being the man most in request at his club. Every afternoon he would stand on the hearthrug and discourse on the recent scandal and the part he had taken in it.

"I knew from the first there was a screw loose somewhere—I haven't served all over for nothing. When I heard that these interesting strangers had been picked up somewhere in the Pyrenees, I opened my eyes and ears too; for you know all the American swindlers make for Spain, as there's no extradition treaty in force there. Well, when I discovered that George Wallis had been tracked to Spain, I put the two and two together, and went to work on the theory that Mr. George Wallis and Mr. Charles Milroy were one and the same person—and you see I wasn't far wrong. I went to Scotland Yard and then to the American Consul, and at last they set to work with a little fellow named Akers, a Yankee detective, who used to know Wallis in New Orleans. But Milroy was so well disguised that Akers was almost thrown off the scent, and half disposed to pooh pooh the whole affair. Luckily those theatricals were in full swing just then, and Lady Laura St. Osyth hit upon the plan of having a play in which Milroy should appear in a Mexican dress with beard and mustache—got up, in short, as he used to be in New Orleans. When Ackers saw him in that costume, he knew him at once, and ought to have seized him then and there."

"But what has become of the woman?" asked somebody.

"Oh, she slipped away early in the evening disguised in the housemaid's dress she had worn in the farce, and an old hat and cloak belonging to one of the servants!"

* * * * * *

Mrs. Milverton spent the next eighteen months on the Continent.

She had been wounded in her tenderest part—her vanity. She had been interested and fascinated by Milroy, but she had never been really in love with him.

Had there been in her heart a trace of tender feeling, it would most likely have been swept away by the flood of shame and self-reproach which overwhelmed her.

It was not the misery of hapless love which drove her to solitude; it was the galling consciousness that she herself had been wrong and those cautious cold-blooded people counsels she had affected to despise right after all.

But the world did not know of the whole of her affliction; there was a secret sorrow which no one knew of, save her maid. On the night of her flight from Park Lane Miss Sadie had called a cab and placed in it a parcel containing all the most valuable jewelry Mrs. Milverton possessed.

About two years after these events the widow received a letter from Miss Milroy, and shortly afterwards a parcel containing a number of jewel-cases. In the letter she said—

"You think badly of us, no doubt, and you've good reason; but we're birds of prey, and we can't expect to find plunder and good wishes in the same place. I always liked you—I did indeed; and I was half inclined to leave you those sapphire ear-rings, because I knew you liked them better than anything else you had—but I did not. You may have noticed how easy it is not to carry out such generous resolutions. And now I'll tell you what has made me write to you. When I found there was nothing in the papers about a jewel robbery, I knew of course you had kept that a secret. It struck me that, though you might do this easily enough while you were living on the Continent, you would find it difficult to account for the absence of your well-known jewels whenever you might return to England: so I have had all your most precious things copied by the best makers of imitation stones in Europe, and I send them to day to your London address. No one will ever suspect Mrs. Milverton of wearing false jewelry; and I reckon no one will ever know you

have lost a stone. I shall sell them all but a few, and thus secure an income for some time to come, but Charles is so wild and extravagant that I expect we'll have to part company.

"I suppose nobody recognised my voice as I sang that Spanish song under the windows in Park Lane. It was the only way I could think of for letting Charles know the police were watching the house; but I hardly expected to attract his attention while he was sitting beside you. Charles has such a weakness for ladies' society!"

* * * * *

Mrs. Milverton is back again in London, and it is reported that she is going to marry Jack Hambro. As to her jewelry, she was present at the Opera last week, and nearly all the women in the house were coveting the riviere she was then wearing, whether it was selected from the consignment she received from Miss Sadie Milroy or not.

His Last Race.

BY S. F. C.

THE Isle of Pines; you will not find it in your atlas. No pin's point is fine enough to dot the little island in its place on the map, and yet for all that, it is a principality in vassalage to France.

Prince Samuel and the Queen Hortense, rien in colored beads and many yards of printed cotton stuff, are the nominal rulers of the swarthy tribe who fish in the waters and plant in the soil of this tropical island.

It is just within the southern margin of the belt of Polynesia, just at that point where you find the flaming blossom of the flamboyant mingling with the sombre green of the pines.

In summer it is steeped in sunshine, and the fragrance of its wealth of flowers, the golden clusters of acacia blossoms, the bananas with their purple sheaths to protect the ripening fruit, the resinous incense of the niaouli, and the sickly perfume of the orange blossom drift far out over the placid surface of the sea, whose distant blue melts imperceptibly into that of a cloudless sky. In winter the cold breath of the south, exhausted, as it were, with many thousand leagues of journey, just touches the pines and makes the heat and glow of fires on the hearth cheery and welcome.

It more than thirty years since a little band of French missionaries settled in the island and to-day the language of the inhabitants is a curious mingling of French and Polynesian. Among the pines on a knoll of rising ground you see the white walls of a little church, and grouped around it the presbytery, the schools, cabins embosomed in creeping plants, and everywhere trim gardens with plots of pumpkins and the sweet potato.

But as you stand in the little village and hear the hum of voices, like the drone of bees in the summer air, floating from the open doors and windows of the school, there comes the sharp "tarantara" of a military bugle. Along the road that passes through the village marches a company of soldiers, and in their midst a score of wretched convicts, clad in coarse canvas, their cropped heads sheltered from the beating sun with broad-brimmed hats of straw.

From a leathern belt about the waist drags a chain riveted at its extremity to an iron band welded round the ankle.

We are in one of the convict depots established by France. The good fathers shake their heads sadly when they speak of this blot, this dark place, the prison and its vices, set by the wisdom of the authorities of France in the little tropical paradise. They had hoped to make an Eden remote from the great world, where dusky disciples would live their lives beneath the influence of the Church, passing the days in pious tranquility. "And now, Paris has found its way to Eden," says the old priest who tells the story, dolefully, it is true, but with a twinkle of humor.

"So much the better for Paris, good father."

"So much the worse for Eden, my son."

It is from him I learn that convict No. 1409 lies ill in the hospital; and No. 1409 is an Englishman.

"What you English call a jockey. He is not of the Holy Church, but what I may do for the poor creature, that I do."

Thus it is I come to know 1409.

On high ground, where the open doors and windows may receive the breeze that just flecks the surface of the sea, stands the hospital.

The place is sweet with flowers; giant butterflies with jewelled wings flit from blossom to blossom; the violet flowers of the bougainvillier hang in masses from the tiled roof of the building.

And here, in the midst of these tropical surroundings, as much at home as though he were in the yard of St. Paul's, is that most cosmopolitan and Bohemian of birds, the sparrow.

He flies in and out through the bars of the window, takes a long flight down the aisle between the rows of beds, and perches on the cropped, bullet head of a stricken convict.

The cockney bird introduces me to No. 1409. It is a big number for so small a thing.

He is mostly head; the withered arm that lays on the rough sheet covering him is no more, indeed it looks less, than skin and bone. Three years since he saw the last English face, he tells me, with the thin hand resting in mine.

His offence has been forgery, and this is his tenth year in the prison.

"They punish severely in France?"

"There was something else," he murmurs, and I question no more.

Whatever that something else may have been, one cannot but feel pity looking upon this wasted little creature drifting to death in a land so far from home.

"I've been 'ere weeks bad like this, but I'm getting better, ain't I, Gustive?"

Gustave, the wardsman, a round faced plump, smiling fellow, protested with great volubility that No. 1409 was on the high-way to recovery.

He discounted the assertion by a wink intended to meet my eye alone.

"Anything I'd like, sir? Well, yes, there's a precious deal I'd like which I ain't likely to get, an' something as I'd like as I don't want. What kind, eh? Well, there's heggs, now. Heggs is nourishing, but they are luxuries in the Island of Pines. I feel as I would like a hegg sometimes, but the doctors don't order heggs 'cept when a cove is dying. A hegg 'ere, sir, is as bad as a death warrant. When you get a hegg it's all up. Though why they want to nourish a cove when he's played out reg'lar I don't know. Races? Well, yes, sir, I've ridden in the Oaks, and there was a time as I was as near as a toucher getting a mount for Derby. You'll remember, sir, the year Doncaster won—lemme see, now, '73—yes, '73 it was. Well, that's what I call reg'lar kind! A seegar? Why, I ain't seed one, much less smoked one, for a precious bl'oomin' century, seems to me."

Smoking was permitted in the ward—when there was anything left to smoke—and I left No. 1409 contentedly blowing clouds of smoke, whose fragrance was highly appreciated by the dismal row of neighbors on either side, who sniffed vigorously, if somewhat enviously.

Three days after, I visited him again, just as the tropical day was rapidly closing in.

The air was heavy with a sense of depression.

The ominous silence which precedes a sudden downpour of rain rested on everything.

There was not a rustle among the leaves; the birds had sought shelter; far over the western sea the sun went down in a sullen glow of crimson.

Gustave met me at the door of the hospital.

No. 1409 was dying. Already they were about to close him in with the screen.

He knew me and feebly stretched out his shrunken hand.

"All up, sir! They've give me hegg at last," said he with a wan smile. "Yes, I've been a wandering all day long. Seems as I've got home again. There ain't no place like England, howsumdever, and there ain't nothin' like home."

He took his hand away, and then drew from under the coverlet a faded photograph—an old time thing, stiff, formal, lacking all art.

"That's my old mother as I was going home to, come two years."

I looked through the window at the coming storm and heard him sobbing.

The last touch of crimson had faded away; only the brief twilight—if such the few minutes of half light may be called—remained.

Far out at sea a long white line extended. It was the incoming of the wind that heralds the storm of the tropics.

Nearer and nearer came the line of foam, leaving in its wake a tossing expanse of water. The cocoa palms that girt the shore line bent beneath the wild rush, and the waves swept madly up the sandy beach.

On, on came the fierce gust, palm, niaouli, and banana yielding before its force.

I saw a tiny bird driven on the wind vainly trying to steer its course. Another moment the blast struck the house as though it would uproot it.

To my breast came, maimed and flutter ing, beaten against the iron bars, a sparrow. It was crushed and bleeding.

As quickly as it came the wind departed, and once more the island lay as if dead beneath the silent pressure of the stifling clouds that weighed upon it.

"Sir!" the hand, so moist and cold, feebly gropes in the darkness to grasp mine "When I was quite a bit of a kid on the guv'nor's farm, I remember mother useter say a sort of pome like, something about the evening time, when the cows went home across the fields, and there was no more work to do that day. Seems to me it was a werry English sort of pome, restful, home like. Think you remember such a kind of pome?"

I did remember such a kind of poem. Far beyond the sound of English bells ringing at the twilight hour, remote from English fields, amid strangers, in the heart of the prison, we two Englishmen went over the lines of the "Elegy."

"I 'most see her face, an' hear her werry voice. Ah! a sweet voice it were, sir—sweeter nor any voice I've heard since then. She wrote me twice a year. She's the only one as stuck to me right through. An' this time come two years, this werry hour, this werry minute, perhaps—"

The storm is upon us.

Twice the lightning has lit up the sea and land in a flash of cold blue light. The thunder crashes and rolls above our heads.

A wild gust of furious wind; another and still another flash of lightning. It throws into relief the long rows of beds with their pale faced occupants. For one brief moment I see the dying jockey lift his thin white arm.

What does he see? Yes, that is it. He is riding home; they have turned the corner, and race along the straight! He is using the whip! He leads! He passes the post!

"Won! by—"

An awful clap of thunder, a blinding flash of light, and then in a vast sheet the clouds let loose the pent-up waters.

In the darkness I stretch out my hands above the bed.

"God help us, sinners all! He is dead! His race is run!"

IN A WHALE'S JAWS.—An officer of the United States Navy has recently told a most remarkable story of heroism, and has exhibited marks on his body that corroborate his words.

The year 1850 found this gentleman—by name, Leonard—as one of the crew on the ship Enterprise, a whaler in the North Pacific.

One day he was stationed at the bow of a whale boat, a long distance from the ship, with a brave crew, who had sighted a whale and approached the monster with all possible despatch. When within proper distance Leonard threw his harpoon, striking the fish hard and deep.

In some manner the line, as it was running out, caught the body of one of the men in such a way as to threw him overboard. The man suddenly sank, where upon Leonard transferred his line to a boat mate and sprang into the ocean in aid of the drowning sailor.

The whale now maddened by his fast flowing blood, made a rush for the boat. Remarkable and horrible to relate, though Leonard's friend had managed to regain the boat, he himself was caught by the whale between its jaws, his position being inside he monster's mouth, with nothing protruding but one of his arms. In this manner the man was in reality within the jaws of death.

The whale instantly plunged down into the deep, and the words of Leonard himself, "the fish seemed to be going down, down into eternity itself."

The imprisoned man after all this, had not lost his presence of mind. He mustered his entire bodily strength—and he was a powerful man—actually bracing himself in such a position as to compel the fish to spread his jaws; at the same time, with his arm that was free, he grabbed the sheath knife out of its socket, cutting right and left. No sooner was there a sufficient opening made than Leonard forced his body outside.

Up to the surface he swam, when, most strange to say, he found himself within an arm's length of his boat. He was saved. The marks of the whale's violence and the cuts of his teeth were very plainly visible on Leonard's arms, and he was afterwards always pointed out by his brother naval officers as the "Second Jonah."

ONE WOMAN'S SUPERSTITIONS.—Mrs. Arthur Stannard, author of "Pootles' Baby," is a tall woman of handsome presence. She is very superstitious, and always carries two little bits of gray fur inside the neck of her dress, which she looks upon as a talisman.

"I have never been without these bits of fur since I was about three years old," she said, looking at them quite affectionately. "Sometimes when I am composing and come to a standstill I take them out and pass them gently over my lips and cheeks, and you have no idea how they soothe me and promote inspiration as if by magic."

She has the same old feeling about old bits of iron and cast off horseshoes, of which she has quite a quantity, as she picks up everything of the kind she comes across. "They always bring me luck," she said, seriously.

NOTHING WHOLLY EVIL.—It should comfort those who are always mourning over the evil in the world that there is really nothing which is wholly evil—nothing from which good may not be extracted by those who have the desire to do it and the intelligence to find out the way. The fire which consumes life and property can be made the source of light and warmth; the wild beasts that terrify and destroy man are made serviceable for his clothing; sickness affords opportunity for much needed rest and calm reflection; it is even said that Diogenes made banishment from his native country and the loss of all his goods a means to pass out of a troublesome world into a quiet and serene state of philosophy and mental contemplation.

A CUP OF WARM TEA.—An enterprising firm of spinners in Dundee have hit upon a capital plan of bringing their workers up to time at six o'clock in the morning. The defaulters were mostly women, and the firm, knowing the weakness of the fair sex, offering a bribe of a cup of warm tea to every one who presented herself at the proper hour.

Even during the cold mornings the experiment worked splendidly and the firm have now no cause of complaint. The fame of the tea has reached other works in the city, and a large company of women workers at one of the factories in the West End struck work in consequence of the refusal of their employers to follow the good example.

EARLY RISING.—Of early rising the *British Medical Journal* says: "It is synonymous in long life histories with short sleeping, which means rapid recovery from fatigue, a sign of bodily strength. These scientific facts in no wise contradict the alleged value of early rising as a practice to be cultivated by all persons in good health. It is excellent as moral discipline, and eminently healthy as a matter of fact. Most persons will eat three meals daily. When a man gets up late those meals will probably follow each other at too short intervals to be wholesome. When he is an early riser it will probably be otherwise. He can enjoy a good breakfast, and by the time for his lunch or mid-day dinner he will have an honest appetite again."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Recently the Mayor of Cleveland, O., was bitterly denounced for appointing a man to the police force who proved to be a drunken ruffian, but, in defense, that official presented the man's petition, signed by a number of the leading citizens of both parties. It is very hard to refuse to sign a petition, but sometimes it should be done.

A rich treasure of more than a thousand silver coins of the eleventh century has been found while digging the foundations for a new house in the Gleistrasse, in Bonn, Prussia. The coins were all in a large pot, and, strange to say, the workmen allowed children and strollers to take away a considerable number, and their attempt to sell the pieces caused the discovery to become known, whereupon the Mayor ordered the remainder to be taken to the Rathaus and preserved.

A family in Dover, N. J., who have long been missing valuables were amazed a day or two ago to find them in the secret nest of a pet goose. Among the articles which the bird had appropriated were two gold thimbles, a tortoise-shell comb, scarf pins, spools of sewing silk, silver lace and a Waterbury watch. The goose had a trick of knocking at the door in quest of edible dainties, and on being admitted and petted would seek a sunny corner of the room and doze. When left alone it began its purloining operations. It was hiding the stolen timepiece with its other treasures when discovered.

A cat owned by a family in the vicinity of Athens, Ga., has recently developed a peculiar trait, according to the graphic account of a Southern contemporary. "Every time it thunders and dark clouds roll over the canopy of heaven in a manner that threatens a storm, the animal begins to tremble piteously and screams in the most wierd and frightful accents its tale of woe. When the lightnings flash from cloud to cloud the cat's agony seems to know no limit, and it rolls over and over, yelling in the wildest way possible. Even at the dead hour of the night it will rush frantically into the room of its mistress when clouds appear, and will scream in terror," etc.

Prof. F. L. Joiner, of Boston, who is at the Auditorium, speaking of the uses to which the phonograph may be put, said lately: "Efforts are being made in Massachusetts to preserve a record of the languages of the New England Indian tribes by means of the phonograph. The representatives of these tribes are rapidly passing away, but before long there will be collected enough of their talk to show what their languages were. One of the Indian records on the phonograph cylinder is the snake dance song as sung by the ancient Passamaquoddies. Then an old Mohawk war song has been secured, together with old folk tales, Indian imitations of the cries of animals and birds, and an ordinary conversation between two redmen. One long story, which occupies nine cylinders, has been taken down. It is one of the longest stories in the Indian language, and will be interesting to the ears of future generations."

Two enthusiastic English pedestrians, Charles Long and A. Aston, have just accomplished the feat of journeying round Europe on foot. This extraordinary long walk was undertaken purely for pleasure. They left London toward the latter end of May last year, journeying on foot to Dover, where they crossed the Channel to Calais. This, with the exception of crossing the Baltic, was the only occasion on which they performed any portion of the journey otherwise than on foot. They did not touch Paris, but proceeded from Calais to Abbeville and Dieppe, and then on, skirting the coast line as far as Brest, Nantes, and Bordeaux. Hence they proceeded through the provinces of the Lower Charante across the Pyrenees into Spain, going into Portugal as far south as Lisbon and Oporto, and then right across the country to Madrid and Barcelona. Skirting the Mediterranean, they reached Trieste and Venice, and then, getting into Austria, they went on to Cracow, and across Russian Poland to Moscow and St. Petersburg. From the Russian capital they went to Riga, where they crossed the Baltic to Norway and Sweden, returning through Germany and Holland to Belgium, and then on to Ostend and across the Channel again to Dover, possessing London none the worse for the trip.

Our Young Folks.

FUNNY PLACES TO LIVE IN.

BY A. SOMERSET.

Children who have always been accustomed to live in a comfortable house, with doors and windows, fire-places and chimneys, carpets and furniture, can hardly imagine what curious and uncomfortable places the little ones of less civilized parts of the world have to look upon as their homes.

I wonder how many of you children who read this page would care to live up in a tree?

Climbing trees is good enough fun sometimes, but it would not be very pleasant if you were obliged to clamber up one every time you wanted to go indoors, would it? Yet the children of several races know no other home than such a one as a tree top is able to afford them: tribes of Indians in South America; people called Veddas, who live in Ceylon; and the Krao-monlok—words which in our language mean "men-monkeys"—of a part of Asia called Siam, all live in trees.

The reason for this is that the ground in their country is swampy, so that it is hardly possible to build huts upon it.

The men monkeys of Siam have another reason too, for in their part of the world there are numbers of snakes, of which they are very much afraid, and which cannot get to them when they are perched at the top of a tree.

They weave the branches together in a very clever fashion, making a regular platform, on which they build huts. They do not make any ladders up to their homes, as we probably should if we found it necessary to live in such a queer place, but run up the tree just as easily as monkeys would, using their toes to catch hold of branches as cleverly as their fingers. This activity in climbing has gained for them the name of men monkeys.

In South America there is a great river called Orinoco. At its mouth lies a piece of land about half as large as England, and over this land, at certain regular periods of the year, the river rises, covering it completely for months together, in some places to as great a depth as fifty feet.

You would never think that men and women could live there, I am sure.

Nor could they but for a wonderful tree which grows in that watery land, called the Ita Palm. This tree when full grown looks like a tall pillar with an immense fan standing up from its top.

The fan is formed by ten or twelve leaves which have stems as big as the trunk of a good-sized tree, and are each big enough to entirely cover the floor of a large room; you may imagine what a wonderful sight it must be to see thousands and thousands of Ita (pronounced Ee-tah) Palms with their tall straight trunks and curious fan-like heads.

Heat and moisture are the two requirements of the Ita Palm, and it gets plenty of each in the land of the Waraus, as the people who depend upon it are called.

When a Warau wishes to build himself a house, he chooses during the dry season four Ita trees which are growing in such a position that each forms one corner of a square. He cuts down any other trees that may be between these four, and uses them as the corner-posts of his house.

The water rises just the same height every year, and discolors the trunks of the Ita tree in such a manner that it is quite easy to tell how high it may be expected to reach.

So the builder cuts deep notches in each of his corner trees, two or three feet above the high water mark on their trunks, and in these notches lays planks, made from the trees he has cut down, binding them firmly in position with ropes made from fibre of the great leaves.

In this way he forms the foundation of the floor of his house. The next thing is to cover the planks with split leaf-stems, which are very strong and light; on these leaves are laid, and then the whole floor is plastered over with a thick coating of mud, which soon dries, and is so hard that a fire may be made on it without any danger to the wood beneath.

Now the Warau has got his floor, and all else he needs is a roof to keep off the rain, for it is so warm there that he does not mind leaving the sides of his house open. This he makes ten or twelve feet above the floor, forming it chiefly of Ita leaves.

When he has made a rude ladder by driving pegs into each side of an Ita palm trunk, his house is finished, and there he lives with his family.

The tree which has given them a home provides them with both food and drink, for it bears in hundreds fruit like our apples, and has in its trunk a kind of pith from which a very good bread is made. Its sap and the juice of its fruit make pleasant drinks.

The Warau goes about when his country is under water in a canoe formed from an Ita trunk; his spears, bows, and arrows are made from the leaf-stems, and the little clothing he wears is woven from the fibre of the young leaves.

Is it not wonderful that a single kind of tree should provide a whole race with everything they require, besides giving them as funny a place to live in as any in the world?

In the cold country where the Eskimo lives there are no trees, and the frost is so hard that it is impossible to make bricks from clay, or mortar with which to bind stones together.

It seems as though the Eskimo, who of all people in the world most needs a warm home, must go without shelter; but the bitter cold which makes a house of some kind necessary gives him a building material better for his purpose than anything else could be.

This is snow, which is not soft and fleecy there as we are accustomed to see it, but is frozen into a hard mass. I dare say you will think that a snow house must be very comfortless, and not at all a suitable home for people who have to bear cold weather compared with which our coldest days are warm.

But snow, though cold itself, is as warm a covering as possible, and the Eskimo is so hot in his queer house that he has to throw off most of his clothing.

The snow houses which these people build are called by them "igloos"; they are shaped like bee-hives, and are built so quickly that a couple of men can put one up in an hour or two.

One of them cuts the snow into slabs like huge bricks, while the other lays them upon one another, skilfully making the circle with which he began smaller as the walls grow higher, until he completes his work by laying a large slab upon the top, and pouring water over the building, which quickly freezes, and cements it all firmly together.

The entrance to these funny homes is through a long passage, built of snow-blocks in the same way as the houses themselves, and so low and narrow that anyone going in has to crawl along on hands and knees. The floor of this passage is lower than that of the house, so when the Eskimo reaches the end he clambers up a step.

The reason for this is that when indoors he shall feel no draft of air.

Just over the entrance there is large piece of ice which acts as a window, and allows a soft pleasing light to enter. The house contains no furniture except a sort of couch made of beaten snow, and covered with seal-skins and hides of reindeer. This is the bed on which father, mother and onlider lie all huddled up together. The Eskimo live entirely upon the flesh of animals, and so have to move about a great deal in pursuit of them. If it were not for their snow-houses they would not be able to do this, for they could not build a warm shelter quickly enough of any other material.

The Kaffirs who live in South Africa build bee-hive huts just like Eskimo "igloos" in shape. They do not use snow, though: indeed, they would not know what it was if they saw any, for no snow falls in their country. Their huts are made in almost exactly the same way as the common bee-hives which they are so like, and they have little entrances no larger in proportion to their size than the holes through which the bees pass in and out.

There are no windows and no chimneys, so when any cooking is going on the smoke has to find its way out at the entrance as best it may.

The most carelessly built habitations in the world are certainly the huts which the native Australians make. They take no trouble about them at all.

A rough outline is formed by placing on the ground some dead branches; the next thing is to put large flakes of bark from a great tree called the Eucalyptus (gum-tree) and lean them again the branches in such a manner that they give some kind of shelter.

The natives are always moving about, and seldom occupy the same hut many days at a time, and this is probably the reason why they take so little trouble over their homes.

Bangkok, the capital city of Siam, is probably the funniest town in the word. Like the homes of the Waraus, its houses stand in the water.

They are built on bamboo piles, and, as in Venice, of which you have probably read descriptions and seen views, people go out in boats instead of carriages or cabs.

The water streets which run between the houses are constantly traversed by boats laden like the costermongers' carts that run about London and other large towns.

In parts of New Guinea the natives build their houses on posts, so that the floors are about five feet from the ground. Half-way up these posts are circular pieces of wood about the size of soup plates, through the center of which the posts pass.

This arrangement is meant to prevent the rats, which swarm in that part of the world, from getting into the houses. The people make their entrance by a hole in the middle of the floor.

A beam slants from the ground up to within about two feet of this hole, so that men and women are able to put their hands on the floor on each side of the hole and lift themselves in.

I suppose that children have to be lifted up into these funny houses by their parents, and I should think that the little ones must often tumble through on to the ground.

Perhaps they have ropes round their waists, so that they cannot fall far, like the little Warau children of whose funny houses over the water I have told you.

THE BATH IN MANY LANDS.

"MEN really know not what cold water is worth," says Byron; but, if this be true, there ignorance is not due to any lack of experiment.

The bath, in some form or other, has existed from the beginning of the world, though there is little of interest in its history until the times of the Greeks and the Romans. Among the Greeks, the Lacedæmonians, according to Thycydides, were the first who adopted the custom, common among Asiatic nations, of appearing naked at the public games, anointing themselves with oil, and covering themselves with sand, prior to a contest, and then plunging into hot baths.

The employment of baths in private families, however, was, it may reasonably be inferred, not very general even in the time of Hippocrates.

The Romans, in the early period of the Republic, washed only the arms and legs after a day employed in the field, and the whole body every ninth day, when they came to the city.

Their splendid baths, which were of great beauty and extent, contained not only the chambers devoted strictly to bathing purposes; in them were also theatres, temples, amphitheatres, palaces, promenades, school academies, and libraries to which all who chose might resort.

In the later years of the Roman Republic many persons frequently bathed twice a day—a practice which must be attributed more to love of gossip than of cleanliness, since the baths were, at that time, the common meeting place, and fulfilled some of the objects of our modern clubs.

So steadily and widely did this custom extend that about the year 1420, at Baden, in Argau, according to a learned Italian writer, people often used to bathe three or four times a day, and while doing so to play at cards, and have their meals supplied on floating tables.

During the Middle Ages, the English public baths were so disreputable that scarcely any historian has said a good word for them. That there was plenty of gossip carried on in them is evident from some contemporary prints which are preserved in the British Museum, but not nearly in the same proportion, we may be sure, as was common a few centuries ago in the baths at some of our health resorts.

When we introduced the practice of sea bathing, however, much of the sort of thing to be found in the brilliant pen pictures of Smollett, Thackeray, and was abolished.

The author of "Through Persia by Caravan" says that it is quite a mistake to suppose that oriental peoples are clean because they observe the washings directed by the Koran. They are certainly performed, and not without good effect, but this is done in the perfunctory manner in which religious observances are usually undertaken, and is done while wearing clothes which have not been removed for weeks.

The face is smeared with water before prayers and before eating, but there is no washing, such as will remove the dust from the eyes.

The Persians, Turks, and Egyptians, who are often held up as models of cleanliness, compare unfavorably with even the Japanese, who, according to a French writer, are in the habit of bathing daily.

EXILING A BELL.—One of the most curious sights in Tobolsk was the Kamsoulie Koloko, or "bell with the ear torn off." It was kept in kind of a shed near the archbishop's palace, and its romantic history is often told in Tobolsk. In the sixteenth century, Prince Dimitri, the rightful heir to the Russian throne, was deposed by a revolt led by Boris Godunoff, who was then proclaimed Czar. The seat of Government was at Uglich, and there Dimitri was sent to be under the immediate control of the unlawful ruler.

The usurper, fearing that the populace might awake to the claims of the young prince, planned his assassination, and he was one day stabbed in a court yard. None of the bystanders showed a disposition to help him.

A priest, however, saw the crime from the cathedral belfry, and immediately began tolling the great bell, which was held sacred, and only rung on unusual occasions, such as the coronation or death of a Czar.

Furious at this tacit expression of reproach, the Czar commanded that the priest should be tortured and executed, and the bell taken down and placed beside the body of its ringer. The order was literally fulfilled, and the bell was beaten with clubs by the entire populace, with the Czar Boris at their head.

But this was not all. In those days Siberian exiles were tortured, before setting out on their journey, by having their nostorn off with red hot pincers. The Czar now decreed that the bell should be exiled to Tobolsk, but as it had no nostrils, he commanded, with a certain grim humor, that one of its hangers should be removed to indicate its disgrace.

The people of Tobolsk are very fond of this trophy, and one sees bells everywhere in the town, as signs over the inn doors, toys, work boxes, cigarette cases, and even sleeve links.

A CHINESE BRIDE.—A correspondent describes the dress worn by a Chinese lady at her wedding, of which he was a witness, as follows:

"At length we were admitted to inspect the bride whose four hours' toilette was just completed, and a marvellous spectacle truly was the figure, seated motionless in the centre of the room.

Gorgeously elaborate was her array from head to foot, the former crowned with a helmet-like erection of material resembling turquoise enamel, wrought into the finest filigree work, from which projected glittering artificial beetles and butterflies and other quaint, rich ornaments, the whole surmounted by three large round tufts of crimson silk, arranged tiara-wise.

From the brim of this head gear fell all round strings of pearl and ruby beads, about half a yard in length. Just visible through these, at the back, were broad loops of jet black hair, stiff and solid as polished ebony and decorated with artificial pink roses. Her principal vestment was a long tunic, whose foundation-fabric of crimson satin was scarcely discernible amidst its embroidery of gold; a corner turned back, lined with emerald satin, revealed an underskirt panelled in brilliant red and blue silk, this also profusely trimmed with gold embroidery. A belt of scarlet satin, studded with tablets of white cornelian, crossed the waist behin. From the front edge of her headdress a red silk veil fell almost to the ground, adding much to her preter human aspect."

AN EAGLE'S FIGHT.—An eagle made a bold fight on a farm near Port Jervis, N. Y., recently. It descended and attempted to seize a lamb when a ram in the flock attacked the bird, knocking it down. The eagle rallied, and when the ram started for it again, head down, the bird fastened its talons in the wool on the back of the buck and commenced to beat the now frightened sheep with its penderous wings. When it had tired of this the eagle left the demoralized ram and pounced upon the lamb. The ram again returned to the fight, butting the eagle under its right wing, causing it to drop its prey. Then the fight between bird and animal was resumed with renewed vigor, the latter being assisted this time by the farmer, who had arrived on the scene with a fence rail. As soon as opportunity offered he swung the rail with unerring aim and the eagle feel dead, its neck being broken. The farmer loosened its talons from the wool on the buck's back and threw it to the ground, when the ram again resumed the fight, and, after giving one or two more parting butts, hurried off to join the frightened flock in a corner of the field. The lamb was dead. The eagle measured from tip to tip of wings eight feet four inches.

THE EARTH IS BEAUTIFUL.

BY CAROLINE GILMAN.

The whole broad earth is beautiful
To minds attuned aright,
And wheresoe'er my feet are turned,
A smile has met my sight.

The city with its bustling walk,
Its splendor, wealth and power,
A rambler by the river side,
A passing summer flower.

The meadow green, the ocean swell,
The forest waving free,
Are gifts of God, and speak in tones
Of kindliness to me.

And oh, where'er my lot is cast,
Where'er my footsteps roam,
If those I love are near to me,
That spot is still my home.

HOW ANIMALS ARE STUFFED.

The art of taxidermy, since its invention—or perhaps it would be more correct to say its restoration—one hundred and fifty years ago, has made such considerable advance, while its details are so little known to the general public, that perhaps a few particulars concerning it may not be devoid of interest.

We will suppose that a snake has been sent to the taxidermist to be stuffed and mounted. In former times, snakes were commonly skinned by the operator making an incision in the skin of the stomach; but this method is now confined to the treatment of the larger reptiles.

In dealing with small snakes, the taxidermist opens the reptile's mouth, and, with a pointed pair of scissors, cuts downwards as far as possible, taking care not to push the scissors through the skin.

When the neck is free, the cut portion is forced outwards through the mouth, and the reptile literally "turned inside out" as far down its body as the tenacity of the flesh will permit.

When the end of the tail is reached, an incision becomes necessary, as it is not possible, from the inside, to detach the flesh from this portion of the animal's body.

The skin is then restored, after being subjected to a preservative treatment; and the eyes having been removed, the snake-skin is ready for stuffing. This is accomplished by inserting a funnel in the reptile's mouth and pouring in dry sand or plaster of Paris sufficient to bring out the carcase to its normal rotundity.

The snake is afterwards adjusted to the required position, and the head properly modelled with clay or plaster. Large snakes such as boas are skinned in the old fashion, and sawdust substituted for sand-stuffing.

In dealing with fish, a more elaborate and tedious process is necessary. The interior of the fish having been removed, a thick piece of looped wire is prepared, and this, with a couple of supplementary wires, form an excellent substitute for a backbone.

The wire having been wrapped round with paper and the framework padded out with tow until it resembles as nearly as possible the shape which it is intended to imitate, the skin of the fish is brought over the wire and the edges sewn neatly together.

The shape is afterwards perfected by adding pieces of tow where requisite, and filling out with sawdust or bran. The fish is then arranged neatly on its showboard, and the outside of the skin treated with a carbolic preparation.

After remaining for a month or so to dry, the skin is colored to resemble nature, the eyes are put in, and the "subject" having been artistically mounted and set off with water-weed, &c., the completed specimen of natural history is ready for inspection.

When large fish, such as sharks, have to be dealt with, the treatment resorted to is entirely different from that applied to pisicatorial specimens of a smaller type. With the larger kinds a solidly constructed wood and iron frame is necessary; and with those of medium size—say from three to five hundredweight—an iron bar requires to be fitted into the body to secure the requisite support. The body is afterwards stuffed with hay or clean shavings until it assumes a natural shape.

Lions, tigers, and similar large animals are often mounted in England from the "flat;" in other words, the practical taxidermist imitates the natural appearance of the animal with only his skin to work upon.

There is no skeleton—the skin having probably been sent home from abroad—and the operator is required to construct a lion or tiger with only the skin of the original remaining. To accomplish this difficult task, the skin is placed on the floor, and a tracing made on paper of the necessary proportions of the "body-board."

On this body board are fastened a strong rod for the neck and a similar one for the tail. The ribs are imitated in wood, and laths tacked on to make the framework capable of being filled out to the necessary shape. The laths are afterwards covered with straw or plaster, and clay is finally added.

The legs are modelled with the assistance of plaster, tow, and clay, the tail properly arranged, the skull, or, in its absence, the plaster head, placed in position, and the skin neatly fastened over all.

In smaller animals, such as the fox, more delicate treatment is required. The fox's skin being remarkable for its thinness, requires very careful management; and though the operation is not so delicate as in the case of a bird, considerable care must be exercised if the "mount" is not to be spoiled.

When the flesh has been detached and the skin treated with a preservative, stuffing begins. First, the head is attended to, and tow is pushed into the cavities from which the flesh has been removed. Looped wires are inserted in the body and legs, and the natural shape filled out with tow. In stuffing such an animal as a fox the limbs require the greatest attention, as there is more "character" to be obtained from their efficient modelling than from any other portion of the body. The shape fairly completed, the skin is sewn up, artificial eyes inserted, and the necessary finishing touches added to complete the mount.

Birds, which constitute perhaps the most numerous class of stuffed specimens, are not so easily manipulated as the unruffled character of their exterior when mounted in the conventional glass case would seem to suggest.

Take a hawk, for instance. The mouth and nostrils of the bird are first filled with cotton, the flesh gradually and carefully removed from the body; and when this has been accomplished—by a method a description of which would only be understood by the initiated—the body is stuffed with cotton or tow, the stuffing being so adjusted that the exact shape of the bird as it appeared when alive is maintained.

The eyes are afterwards inserted—the eyelids having been relaxed by the application of warm water—and the bird is ready for appropriate mounting.

Most modern taxidermists mount birds with wire and shape with tow. In the case of ostriches and other large birds, peat has been found a more satisfactory stuffing than anything else.

Grains of Gold.

You cannot win without sacrifice.

Timidity is a disease of the mind.

He that bows in the dust fills his eyes.

He must stoop low that hath a low door.

He that has no shame has no conscience.

He that always complains is never pitied.

Satan o'ercomes none but by willingness.

He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.

Few people live to day but are preparing to do so to-morrow.

Be ashamed to die until you have gained some victory for humanity.

Women have fewer vices than men; but they have stronger prejudices.

No pleasure is comparable to standing upon the vantage-ground of truth.

Here is the manliness of manhood, that a man has a reason for what he does, and has a will in doing it.

When a person becomes too good to overlook the faults of the unfortunate, he makes the error which loses to him the glory of his goodness.

The prizes of life that are really worth having are seldom obtained by a mere stroke of luck. Usually they have to be toiled for strenuously and waited for patiently.

Riches, public favor, leisure, comfort, ease, and luxury, all good in themselves, are not good for life-purposes. They may afford opportunities for higher things; but, in the efforts to attain them, the true ends are often lost sight of, and they become the only aims of life.

Femininities.

Distrust a woman who speaks of her virtue.

A bill to abolish suits for breach of promise of marriage has actually been introduced in Parliament.

A beloved face cannot grow ugly, because not flesh and complexion, but expression, created love.

Miss Josephine Crowfeather, a full-blooded Sioux maiden, has just taken vows as a Benedictine nun.

A cynical Frenchman once said there are two parties to a love affair—the party who loves, and the party who consents to be so treated.

"We are all interested in the coming woman," says an exchange. Not half so much, though, as we are in the woman who has already come.

It is singular that Great Britain is the only country in Europe where the doctrines of Mormonism can be promulgated in the public streets.

Mrs. Holland, who died in Virginia recently, had been a member of one church for over 80 years. She lacked but one month of being a centenarian.

An old gentleman who has been a keen observer of human nature, says that the more women look in their glasses, the less they look to their houses.

Mrs. Brown: "What made you make a face behind my back?" Johnnie: "Why, ma, you didn't think I was fool enough to do it before your face, did you?"

Sarah Bernhardt expects to make enough money out of her autobiography, soon to be published, to build a little rock playhouse, with a crypt under the stage for her remains.

Farmer's wife: "If you will help beat this carpet I will give you something to eat." Dirty Davidson, the tramp, haughtily: "Ma'am, I'm a gentleman! I never beat my way!"

New York hosiers say that a special style of stocking is made abroad for American women. It is small in the foot and full in the leg. The same kind of a stocking is made for the Spanish trade.

Francis E Willard, in her walks about Chicago, has discovered women who make shirts for 75 cents a dozen and furnish their own thread. She also finds children working 12 hours a day for a dollar a week.

A woman at Westerly, Conn., who had rheumatism and neuralgia, arose in the night and daubed herself with liniment. In the morning it was found that she had used ink, and she is not at home to callers.

Mrs. Elizabeth C. Stanton says: "I wish I could be Street Inspector in the city of New York. I would set 1000 strong women to work, dressed in bicycle costume, and soon make our filthy metropolis the cleanest city in the world."

Certain equatics, gaily dressed, thickly powdered and well rouged, being at a ball in Paris, asked a foreigner present how he was pleased with the French beauties. "Ladies," he replied with great naïveté, "I'm no judge of painting."

A young lady had just finished playing a selection from Faust. Old lady. "How nice! I always did like 'Home, Sweet Home'!" Young lady, with a start: "'Home, Sweet Home'!" Old lady: "Yes. Minnie plays it. I can always tell it when she crosses her hands."

A new ocean danger is pointed out by silk importers. It appears that dyed sponge silk, known technically in the trade as French silk, is, under certain conditions, exceedingly prone to combustion, and is well known among the steamship companies as dangerous freight.

The Queen of Roumania in a recent address said: "I shall always maintain that the active life of woman ought not to go beyond the sacred interior of her home, and that the voice of woman sounds nowhere so sweetly musical as on her own hearthstone in the midst of her children."

An irate woman entered a store the other day and accosted one of the clerks as follows: "I've come to find out what you mean by charging me one dollar Saturday night for that tablecloth, and selling Mrs. Ferguson one just like it on Monday for 75 cents. Didn't you say it was my last chance to get one so cheap?" "So I did, and I told you right, for on Monday they were reduced to 75 cents."

Job Clark, a well-know grocer of New Haven, Conn., aged 74 years, was recently married to Miss Cora Buckingham, 23 years old, whose home is in Clinton, Conn. Mr. Clark had already been married three times, and has numerous children and grandchildren. The relatives on both sides consented to the match, and a grand reception was given at the bride's home.

Some time ago the teacher of a Riverside, Cal., school instructed her class how to act in case of emergencies, such as drowning, gunshot accidents, etc. A day or so after the lesson a lad named Haight went home and found his baby sister given up for dead, after being picked out of a canal. There was no doctor to be had, and young Haight went to work to apply his lesson, and in a little while the baby was all right.

An excellent article for the hands is sand soap, a preparation of soap mixed with fine white sea-sand. It is made by shaving down and melting some white soap, and then stirring into it, while warm, an equal quantity of the sand named. Put it while warm into square moulds, or roll portions of the mixture between the hands, so as to form balls. Set them in a dark place to dry gradually. This soap is not intended for the face or neck, but it will make the hands white and smoother.

A woman missionary on the Congo writes that the Sunday service lasts from two to three hours, and the children, becoming tired, run outside to play, disturbing the worshippers and cultivating irreverence. One of the royal princes at Mandalay, before Theeba's downfall, would know how to sympathize with these little black folks. He was asked what he thought of a church dedication he had been induced to attend. "Well," he replied, "I wish they had cut it in two. It was a very long time to be without a cheroot."

Masculinities.

Not necessarily loafers—Bakers.

By being contemptible, we set men's minds to the tune of contempt.

You will never find time for anything. If you want time you must make it.

Few men sow their wild oats without getting more or less rye mixed with them.

Often the man who does not know his own mind has escaped a very disreputable acquaintance.

Some men's heads are so soft that a shadow from a brick wall will produce a concussion of the brain.

A man never realizes what perfect idiots women are until he hears his best girl laughing at some other fellow's jokes.

Don't be a clam. If you've got to be anything of the kind be a mud turtle. Then you may have some snap to you.

Schoolteacher: "What is a phenomenon?" Little girl, from Chicago: "A gentleman out walkin' with his own wife."

It was shown at a recent Methodist Conference in Maine that the average pay of the preachers in its jurisdiction was 81 cents a day.

Doctors and ministers are about the only people in this world to whom people pay liberal wages for telling them disagreeable things.

"Smithers was arrested for running off with Bronson's daughter." "Eloping isn't a crime." "No; but miss-appropriation is."

No matter how generous-hearted a man may be, it never seems to do him any good to sit down and think how rich his next-door neighbor is.

A pompous man, when he smiles at a jest, takes more credit to himself for his appreciation of the joke than he allows to the wit for uttering it.

He who marries is like the Doge who weds the Adriatic—he knows not what lies concealed there; treasures, pearls, monsters and unknown storms.

He, sorrowfully: "You say that your love for me is dead. How do you explain this sudden catastrophe?" She, sententiously: "Heart failure!"

A lad in Bridgeport, Conn., smoked cigarettes for 8 years, but they eventually got the better of him, bringing on epilepsy, which has just caused his death.

It would be an awful strain on a man to be polite through all the worriments of business if he were not consoled by the prospect of getting even after going home.

"By jingo, Bronson, excuse my saying so, but this is the rankest cigar I ever smoked. Where did you get it?" "You gave it to me last night. I was afraid of it myself."

The most successful salon in Paris is that of the Comptesse de Kerssint, who will receive no gentleman unless he is clothed in as gay colors and as fine stuffs as the women.

It is stated that although the college men in the United States are only a fraction of one per cent. of the voters, yet they hold more than 50 per cent. of the highest offices.

The decline of drinking is again attested by the declaration in the London Telegraph that "for one club fifty years ago, London now has ten, yet the drinking within them has steadily diminished."

At Ansonia, Ct., five enumerators are desired by the Census Bureau, but, though the pay is from $4 to $6 a day, only four persons have applied for the positions, and of these one is not qualified.

Robinson, at the club: "You are getting to be a great club man, Brown; I see you are here every night now. Wife away?" Brown: "No; she insisted upon it that I must buy her a piano—and I did."

The frock coat will reign again during the London season. It is "worn open, made of very rough cloth, oftenest very woolly dark gray, and silk lined. The waistcoat is double-breasted and cut low."

"I wonder where those clouds are going?" sighed Flora, pensively, as she pointed with her delicate finger to the heavy masses that floated in the sky. "I think they are going to thunder," said her brother.

If there is any one thing in particular which Cyrus W. Field, the well-known millionaire, detests, it is the smell of tobacco smoke. Cigars, and even pipes, he thinks bad enough, but the fumes of cigarettes he positively abhors.

A fashionable visiting card in Berlin is an African importation. It is a leaf of the silver poplar, which keeps its color when dried, and can be easily written upon. It delights fashionable Berlin under the name of "Emin Pasha's visiting card."

While walking with a friend, a gentleman accidentally stepped upon a lady's trailing dress; she turned with a frowning look, and a strong expression of anger. With his usual urbanity he replied, "I am sorry, madam, very sorry, indeed, but really I didn't know that I was within a quarter of a mile of you!"

Judge to witness: "You say that the defendant was born deaf and dumb, and at the age of twelve he lost the power of speech. Will you explain to the Court how it was possible for him to lose the power of speech when he was already dumb?" Witness: "When he was twelve years old he was playing in a saw mill one day, and the buzz-saw took off eight of his fingers."

A Vienna paper says: "In an athletic club meeting, held at a suburban brandy shop, the owner, Wilhelm Tuerk, aged 33 years, proved himself to be the strongest man in Vienna. He used a pair of dumb-bells weighing 136 pounds apiece, lifted an iron bar weighing 160 pounds with one hand and swung it over his head, and raised above his head with both hands an iron bar weighing 320 pounds. He also raised a cask of water and sand weighing 177 pounds, taking it at the narrow edge round the bottom. Similar feats have never before been accomplished in Vienna."

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Among the many good things in the June *Wide Awake* are "Little Sir Lionel," a pretty story by Annie Bronson King; "Spot, the Mustang," and several other short stories. Two serials are begun, "The New Senior at Andover," by Herbert D. Ward; and "The Quest of the Whipping Boy," by Georgiana Washington. Alexander Black continues his illustrated "Confessions of an Amateur Photographer," Mrs. Sallie Joy White's "Business Opening" paper is for the girls who would become stenographers and typewriters. A curious prize offer is made, the subject matter of which is entitled "The Perplexity of a Crymangle." There are several poems, and many illustrations. D. Lothrop Co., publishers, Boston.

Cassell's Family Magazine for June is brim full of choice reading matter, poetry as well as prose, and enlivened with graphic illustrations. Kate Eyrie's serial "To Be Given Up" is drawing toward the end. A scientific article explains with pen and pencil "How Sounds are Made Visible." An "Anglo-American" writes of the "American Parliament," and, besides pictures of the Senate Chamber and the House of Representatives, we are given portraits of Senator Ingalls and Speaker Carlisle. "The Voice in the Woods" is the prize short story. The poem "The Engagement Ring," which follows, refers, to the frontispiece. There are short stories, continued stories, the Family Doctor's dissertation, and an unusually full "Gatherer." Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

The Quiver for June opens with a poem, "Her Feeble Steps," which has the honor of the frontispiece. A paper on the "Revelations of Character" follows. The serial "Worthy to be Loved," is drawing to a close and will be succeeded by "In the Second Place," by L. T. Meade, the popular author of "Scamp and I." "Restlessness" is the title of a paper by the Rev. J. B. Gledstone which it will be well for young men and young women to read. "The morning Sunday School Room" is an illustrated paper which will attract Sunday school scholars as well as their teachers. "Some Marvelous Works of God" is the title of an article describing the geysers and the giant trees of the far west. There is a paper on "Old English Parochial Psalmody." Besides these there a number of pretty poems, short stories, music, and articles designed especially for Sunday reading. The number is fully up to the high standard of this magazine. Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for June is a photogravure of Hubert Herkomer's famous painting, "The Chapter of the Charterhouse. H. M Spellmann opens the number with a paper on "Current Art," which is filled with interesting studies by well-known artists. This is followed by a paper on Satsuma Ware and its Imitations," by Masayuki Kataoka, fully illustrated. Then comes the first of the series of papers on the National Gallery of Ireland, giving reproductions of some of the best pictures. A paper that cannot fail to attract the attention is "Rhone Sketches," by Joseph Pennell, illustrated by the author. "The Literary Remains of Albert Durer," with illustrations, is a valuable paper, but the one with a more contemporary literary interest is the second of W. M. Rossetti's series on "Portraits of Robert Browning." There are six portraits of Mr. Browning, from 1847 to 1888, and they will be highly prized by his many admirers. The Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

A portrait of Murat Halstead, who regularly contributes a review of the current events of the day to the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, appears in the frontispiece of the June number. The opening paper is "Farm Life and Irrigation in Persia," by S. G. W. Benjamin, late American minister to that country. Lafcadio Hearn contributes "A Study of the Half-breed Races in the West Indies," illustrated; "Side Glances at American Beauty," by Eleanor Waddel, is illustrated with reproductions of photographs. Other illustrated articles are "The Coaching Era," "A Flying Trip Around the World," by Miss Bisland; "Reporters," "Leading Writers of Modern Spain," "Soft Crabs, Canvas-backs and Terrapin," and "The Romance of Versailles." The complete short novel is entitled "A Ghost at his Fireside," by Louise Chandler Moulton, illustrated by Albert E. Sterner. There are poems by Edgar Fawcett, Loraine Dorsey, and others. Published in New York.

The Widow of the Cottage.

BY S. V. W.

IT WAS Saturday night, and the widow of the Pine cottage sat by her blazing faggots with her five tattered children at her side, endeavoring by listening to the artlessness of their juvenile prattle to dissipate the heavy gloom that pressed upon her mind.

For a long year her own hands had provided for her helpless family, for she had no supporter—she thought she had no friend in all the wide world around her.

That mysterious Providence, the wisdom of whose ways are above human comprehension, had visited her with wasting sickness, and her little means had become exhausted.

It was now mid-winter, and the snow lay heavy and deep through the surrounding forests, while storms seemed gathering in the heavens, and the driving wind roared through the bending pines that rocked her puny cot.

The last herring smoked upon the coals before her; it was the only article of food she possessed; and no wonder if her desolate state brought up in her lone bosom all the anxieties of a mother when she looked upon her children; and no wonder, forlorn as she was, if she suffered the heart-swellings of despair to rise, even though she knew that He whose promise is to the widow, and to the orphan, cannot forget his word.

Providence had many years before taken from her an elder son, who went away from his forest home to try his fortune on the seas, since which she had heard no note or tidings of him; and in latter times she had been, by the hand of death, deprived of a companion and staff of support in her husband.

Yet to this hour she had been upborne: she had been not only able to provide for her little flock, but had never lost one opportunity of ministering to the wants of the miserable and desolate.

The indolent may well bear with poverty while the ability to gain a sustenance remains. The individual who has put his own wants to supply may suffer with fortitude the winter of want; his affections are not wounded, his heart is not wrung.

The most desolate and populous cities, may, hope, for charity has not quite closed her hand and heart, and shut her eyes on misery. But the industrious mother of helpless and depending children, far from the reach of human charity, has none of these to console her. And such a one was the widow of Pine cottage.

The smoking herring was scarcely laid upon the table, when a gentle rap at the door, and the loud barking of the dog attracted the attention of the family.

The children flew to open it, and a weary traveler in tattered garments, and apparently indifferent health, entered, and begged a lodging and a mouthful of food; "For," said he, "it is now twenty-four hours since I tasted bread."

The widow's heart bled anew, as under a fresh complication of distresses; for her sympathies lingered not round her own fireside.

She hesitated not even now—rest and a share of all she had, she proffered to the stranger. "We shall not be forsaken, or suffer deeper for an act of charity," said she.

The traveler drew near the board, but when he saw the scanty fare, he raised his eye towards heaven in astonishment—"and is this all your store," said he—"and a share of this do you offer to one you know not? then never saw I charity before!—But madam," said he, "do not wrong your children by giving part of their last mouthful to a stranger."

"Ah," said the poor widow, and the tear-drops gushed into her eyes as she said it, "I have a boy, a darling son, somewhere on the face of the wide world, unless heaven has taken him away, and I only act towards you as I would that others should act towards him. God, who sent manna from heaven, can provide for us as He did for Israel—and how should I this night offend Him, if my son should be a wanderer, destitute as you, and he should have provided for him a home even so poor as this, were I to turn you unrelieved away."

The widow ceased speaking; and the stranger, springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms—"God has indeed provided just such a home for your wandering son—and has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his benefactress—Mother! mother!"

It was her lost son: returned to her bosom, and possessing wealth sufficient to render them all comfortable and happy.

He had chosen this disguise, that he might the more completely surprise his mother, brothers and little sisters: and never was surprise more perfect, or followed by a sweeter cup of joy.

That humble residence in the forest was exchanged for one comfortable, and indeed, beautiful in the valley; and the widow lived long with her dutiful son, in the enjoyment of worldly plenty, and in the delightful employments of virtue; and at this day the passer by is often pointed to the luxuriant willow that spreads its branches broad and green above her grave, whilst he listens to the recital of this simple and homely, but not altogether worthless tale.

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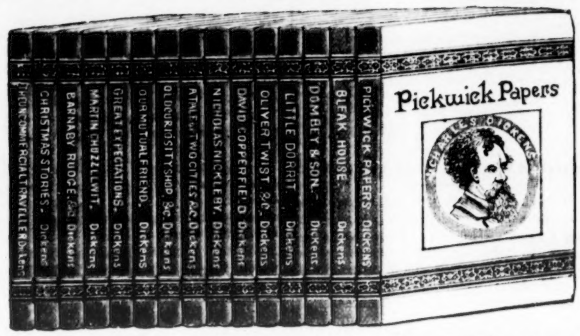

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The Saturday Evening Post,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A LITTLE RAILROAD.—The most diminutive railroad in New England, according to an exchange, is that owned and operated by the Monson Slate Company, running from the company's quarries to Monson Junction, on the Bangor and Piscataquis, in Maine.

This little road has a two-foot gauge, is about six miles in length, and is thoroughly equipped with locomotives, passenger, baggage and freight cars, has several stations, regular time tables and a superintendent. The superintendent is also conductor, baggage master, mail agent, passenger and freight brakeman, news agent and director—a regular Pooh-Bah—and for performing all these offices he get $900 a year. Ten men constitute the entire force of the road.

The trains average about fifty miles a day in summer and twenty-five miles in winter. The road is all down hill one way, so that a car will run from the quarries to the junction without the assistance of a locomotive. If a passenger misses the regular train $5 will secure a special to carry him over the line.

Last year this road carried 9,000 tons of the company's freight to Monson Junction (six tons to a car) for trans-shipment over the Bangor and Piscataquis to Bangor and points west, and 4 200 passengers, who paid $12 000 in fares, were transported at a cost of $9 000. This little road has been in operation six years, and in all that time no accident of any kind has occurred on it.

THE BLACK DOG.—"Have you seen a small black dog go past here?" queried a woman of a boy who stood on a street corner.

"No, ma'am. Lost your dog?"

"Yes, and I am worried to death."

"Where do you live?"

"In that brown house a little ways down there."

"Why, that's where some children are sick, isn't it?"

"Yes, my four children are down and not expected to live, and I've had to leave them all alone and hunt for the dog."

"That's right, ma'am, children nain't of any earthly account, while small black dogs is of the greatest importance. You keep on hunting for the dog, and I'll go down to the house and kinder hang around to see if any of the children die while you are gone. If they do, I'll call in the neighbors."

She looked at him for a moment in a puzzled way, and then started for home without another mention of the dog.

FOURTEEN thousand girls are attending the London School Board cookery centres. Still further facilities for increasing this number are now being made.

Humorous.

THE PATTER OF THE SHINGLE.

When the angry passion gathering in my mother's face I see,
And she leads me in the bedroom, gently lays me on her knee,
Then I know that I will catch it, and my flesh in fancy itches,
As I listen for the patter of the shingle on my breeches.

Every tinkle of the shingle has an echo and a sting,
And a thousand burning fancies into active being spring;
And a thousand bees and hornets 'neath my coat tail seem to swarm,
As I listen to the patter of the shingle, oh, so warm!

In a splutter comes my father—whom I supposed had gone—
To survey the situation, and to tell her lay it on;
To see her bending o'er me, as I listen to the strain
Played by her and by the shingle in a wild and weird refrain.

In a sudden intermission, which appears my only chance,
I say: "strike me gently, mother, or you'll split my Sunday pants."
She stops a moment, draws her breath, the shingle holds aloft;
And says: "I had not thought of that, my son; just take them off."

Holy Moses! and the angels cast your pitying glances down;
And thou, oh, family doctor, put a good, soft poultice on;
And may I with fools and dunces everlastingly commingle
If I ever say another word when mother wields the shingle.

—U. N. NONE.

A softener—A woman's tears soften a man's heart; her flatteries his head.

The heart's misgivings—Eating a mutton pie, and wondering, after a pause, what the contents were composed of.

Employer: Well, Patrick, which is the bigger fool, you or I?" Patrick: "Faith, I couldn't say, sor, but it's not meself."

Dentist: "Do you want to take laughing gas?" Visitor: "Not till after de toof is out, boss; reckon I'll feel mo' like laughin' den!"

If the suggestion doesn't come too late in the season, why not make an effort to construct the spring chicken so as to secure more chicken and less spring.

Popinjay: "They say that Mrs Bigsby makes things hot for her husband." Dumpsey, who has breakfasted with Bigsby: "That certainly doesn't apply to his coffee."

Bobby: "Pa, what does the pawnbroker's sign of three balls mean?" Pa: "It means, Bobby, that it is two to one that the man never redeems his property."

"My income is small," said a rather dilatory lover, "and perhaps it is cruel of me to take you from your father's roof." "But I don't live on the roof!" was the prompt response.

Teacher: "Now children, God made the world in six days." Little Joe with logical turn of mind: "But he did not finish it. Look at all de houses buildin' and de boys and girls dat have to grow!"

Customer in tea store tasting the tea: "I don't like this tea. It tastes like hay."
Exasperated clerk: "I don't know, sir, whether it does or not. I'm not such a donkey as to know how hay tastes."

She: "There's that Englishman coming; he seems upset about something." He, from the ranch: "Very likely; I just told him a funny story and said I would come again to-morrow to hear him laugh over it."

"You seem to be a superlatively happy man, George. When I saw you two years ago you were smiling all over." "I had just been married then." "And you are smiling as hard as ever now." "Yes; I've just secured a divorce."

Old Bond Cain: 'Taings were very different when I was your age. I used to go to bed at eleven and be up by four." Young Bond Chip: "Well, I keep just about the same hours, except that I go to bed at four and get up at eleven."

"I am not a business man, you see and I should be glad if you would enlighten me as to what is meant by 'double entry?'" "By 'double entry' we mean two sets of books, one of which may be produced in court if required, but not the other."

Police magistrate: "Did you see the beginning of this trouble?" Witness: "Yes, sir—I saw the very commencement. It was about two years ago." "Two years ago?" "Yes, sir. The parson said, 'Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?' and she said, 'I will.'"

Mr. Simmons: "So your son is in the ministry? I suppose you are quite proud of having a son who is an humble follower of the Saviour" Mrs. Willis: "I should say I am proud. Why, he is making no less than $4.50 a year now, with good prospects of an advance next season."

CATARRH,

HAY FEVER, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby these distressing diseases are rapidly and permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on application by A. H. DIXON & SON, 337 & 339 West King St., Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American.*

WOMAN'S WAYS.—The ways of women are queer.

A woman can faint away at the sight of a bit of blood on her finger, have all the house screaming with fright, require eau de cologne to bring her to, and be nervous for twenty-four hours after; yet the same woman can, in perfect silence, stand by and help a doctor to perform an operation that may mean death to some one she loves.

A woman can scorn what she calls made-over clothes, can laugh at indiscriminate charity, and yet the same woman can cry as if her heart would break and take all her spending money to buy an overcoat for a newsboy she met in the street-car, because his face was so pitiful.

She can take two hours and a half to dress to go to the theatre, and then tell Charlie she knows she looks like a dowdy; but the same woman can pack a trunk with things enough to last her for two weeks in twenty minutes when she gets a telegram saying, "Come as soon as possible; your mother is sick."

She can write an article on the charm of neatness and the exquisite beauty of tidiness, and disport herself in a torn silk petticoat without any compunction or conscientious scruples.

She will bake a chicken until it is brown, and then calmly ask the master of the establishment if he doesn't think the English way of roasting is preferable to any other.

She can do most anything she wants, and she wants to do most everything except, thank goodness, wear trousers.

MARRIAGE RELATIONS.—Miss Amelia B. Edwards says that from the time of the pyramids to the reign of the Ptolemys woman was, legally and socially, man's equal in every way, and at times his superior. Women carried on business in their own names, entirely distinct from their husbands.

Marriage contracts which have been discovered show that a state of affairs prevailed contrary to the present customs. Then the man promised to serve his wife in all things.

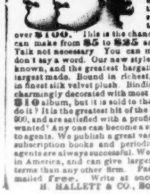
The man accepted the woman to be his wife and she became possessed of not only her own property but all of her husband's. It was hers absolutely.

On the other hand the wife engaged to provide the husband with food and clothing and to see that his body was properly embalmed after death.

The man when he married took the name of his wife, and the sons that were born to them took their mother's name.

DOG SENTINELS.—The canine sentinels now being trained in Northern France learn their duties quickly. Two soldiers start off leading a dog by his collar, and when a mile from the starting point one of the men turns back. In a short time the dog is let loose, and he immediately tracks the other soldier back to the post, rarely failing. The dogs will scent an enemy at a distance of one hundred yards, growling and snuffing to attract the soldiers' attention. In scouting they are even more useful, for they search fields and thickets indefatigably—soldiers in foreign uniforms being hidden there as decoys during the lessons—and on finding an enemy at once run back to their keepers, showing every sign of agitation.

LANGUAGE IN CONTROVERSY.—In controversy kind and respectful language between those who differ from each other will not only assuage all bitterness, but will actually help each to see things from the stand-point of the other, thus broadening the views and strengthening the desire for truth rather than victory. Sometimes it is important that measures should be carried and objections overruled, and it is thought strong and summary means make kind words inapplicable. Instead of this, there is no surer way to win over the mistaken antagonist. M. S.



An Unequaled Triumph. An agency business where talking is unnecessary. Here are portraits of Miss Anna Page of Austin, Texas, and Mr. Jno. Bonn of Toledo, Ohio. The lady writes: "I do business at almost every house I visit. Every one wants your grand photograph album, and were I deaf and dumb I could secure orders rapidly. The man writes: "Your magnificent album is the greatest of all bargains; the people generally are wonderstruck and order at sight. The orders taken last week pay me a profit of over $120." This is the chance you have been looking for. You can make from $5 to $25 and upwards every day of your life. Talk not necessary. You can make big money even though you don't say a word. Our new style album is the grandest success ever known, and the greatest bargain in the world. Double size—the largest made. Bound in richest, most elegant and artistic manner, in finest silk velvet plush. Bindings splendid; ornamented inside charmingly decorated with most beautiful flowers. It is a regular $10 album, but it is sold to the people for only $5. How can we do it? It is the greatest bit of the times; we are manufacturing 500, 600, and are satisfied with a profit of a few cents on each. Agents wanted! Any one can become a successful agent. Extra liberal terms to agents. We publish a great variety of Bibles and testaments, also subscription books and periodicals. Agents wanted for all. Our agents are always successful. We do the largest business with agents in America, and can give larger value for the money and better terms than any other firm. Particulars and terms for all of above mailed free. Write at once and see for yourself. Address H. HALLETT & CO., BOX 950, PORTLAND, MAINE.

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No. 1. The round of the head.	
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream,** to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.
I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.
Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,
I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.
A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

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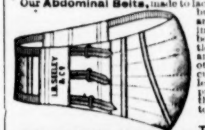
Our Abdominal Belts, made to lace at the back or to buckle at the side, are rapidly coming into general use by both ladies and gentlemen of full habit, and when reducing the abdominal corpulent, will do more to prevent **HERNIA** than all else will towards a cure.



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This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and tones of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 126 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

A redfern tennis gown is composed of white tennis flannel, the front and sides of the skirt in accordion plaits, and the back hanging in straight folds, but with a slight drapery over the hips and below the belt across the front. The blouse has a turned-over collar, which slightly exposes the throat. Below this is a bit of smocking, and then a wide band braided with dark red. A wide belt of the same braiding confines the fulness and gives a slender look to the waist; and the sleeves are also banded just below the elbow. A little hat quite flat in the crown, and trimmed with a large wind-mill bow, covers the head.

After this comes the more conventional attire of the walking gown. It is a thin cheviot, of fawn-colored ground with narrow lines of green and brown running through it. Upon the right side is a pointed panel of green cloth, above which the front drapery is buttoned with large smoked pearl buttons, which Redfern brings into use with such charming results. The front of the bodice, which fastens invisibly at the side, is of plain green cloth, but the back part and also the sleeves are of striped stuff, and there is just a touch of braiding in green and brown on the collar and over the tops of the sleeves.

Silks this season are either extremely costly and handsome, or very simple. Fashionable women given to dinner parties, will naturally purchase the silver tinsel brocades and all the many lovely conventional designs which show such exquisite coloring; but the world in general will be content with the printed sunshiny silks and the much improved Surahs, and foulards printed in admirable colorings, and now often strengthened with satin stripes.

The satin foulards are being made up into summer fete dresses and dinner gowns.

They are all to be had in dark serviceable tones, as well as in light ones. Besides the floral patterns, spots and interlaced rings are worn. Silk sleeves are introduced in many woollen dresses, and, notwithstanding all that is said to the contrary, it is certainly a wool year, when wool gowns will be in the majority; and there are some striped silks, the stripes formed of cord, with spots, rings, or brocades between, which are only intended for mixing with soft woollen fabrics.

Tweeds and cheviots of decided checks are worn almost all the year round; they suit our climate.

The favorite colors are heliotrope, lichen green, a pink of the blotting-paper tone, and fawn. Plain cloth is mixed with the stripes and checks. Silk stripes appear on many of them, especially in herring-bone. Plain homespuns suited to summer are cheap and comfortable to wear. Worsted is the new revival, which comes with the admirable recommendation that it wears well. A white surface is sometimes thrown on, so that the mixed colors beneath are seen, as it were, in a mist; and another fashionable kind has a silk mixture. Mottled, flaked, and Mouchete cloths are all well worn, and also lace stripes in Jacquard weaving—white on a color.

If your purse is full, however, order one of the new panel gowns—"bordure treillage," as they are called. They are very handsome, and about one and three-eighths of a yard are required.

They are composed of silk and velvet, and some display a design laid on the surface, as though worked with purse-silk into sort of net work—red on white, or black on white. Some of these handsome designs are like old rose point lace, and others have lace like patterns of another character.

Voiles are being used extensively for summer dresses, with borders; and some printed with flowers come under the same head, for they will bear contact with the wash tub as well as, if not better than, cottons.

Fancy grenadines, the old bargos, and many gauzes of long ago have been resuscitated; and if we have but a warm summer, there are plenty of suitable materials. They are striped, and some have floral brocades in bright colorings. Copper is the favorite tint in this class of goods, and it looks extremely well.

Tartans have been brought out; but I do not see that anybody has benefited much thereby, and their patrons are few and far between. There is a curious rough woollen cloth that has found favor at many of our smartest open air gatherings which is uncommonly like a horse-cloth, and as yet this is the only tartan that I have seen well to the fore.

Mohair is one of the serviceable materials that always look well to the end; alpaca I call it; the broche mohairs are really delightful wear, and the colors good. Foule in reseda, grey, heliotrope, electric, and fawn is charming; and casimir, a very fine diagonal woven cloth, makes up the surplice bodice and the high fashionable sleeves to perfection.

This mohair, like all other fabrics, is forty-four to forty-eight inches wide, for narrow widths are no use at all for draping.

Those women who like washing dresses can have pretty ones ready-made this year at about half the usual price. The fashion of loose bodices makes it easy to secure a good fit. The cottons are pretty and durable, dark printed sateens and firm zephyrs. Printed de-laine will be extensively worn.

Mosquetaire gloves, embroidered and scalloped at the top, are new; and there is every shade of kid now to be had—greens, blues and pinks included.

I have just seen a pretty lawn tennis frock for a child, made in blue woollen stuff, but printed all over in white with shuttlecocks, balls, and racquets. Washing silks, especially spotted ones, are much used for children. The yokes, the plain skirts, the many runners at the waist, and the high sleeves are the points which indicate the current modes. Children's mantels take the form of full coats, the fulness gathered at the waist beneath a pointed velvet belt, and set into a yoke.

Parasols are made of chiffon muslin and crepe de Chine, either bouillonne all over, or kilted in two deep flounces. The handles are now made shorter than last season, but generally of natural wood, and cherries or plums are hung from cherry-wood or plum-wood handles. *En tout cas* are useful, for they answer a double purpose, and it is always difficult to know on leaving home in the morning what the weather will be in two hours hence; so most women will be glad to learn that *en tout cas* are the height of fashion—in plain silk of all colors.

Bright colors are asserting their sway in Paris, and if they make their way, and keep their hold on English taste, they will greatly enliven your social gatherings. I am always saddened by the black which English women persist in wearing so generally; it is not even banished from weddings. I do not know how long it will last but Parisians are favoring pearl-grey gloves, almost to the exclusion of others; and a great quantity are being sent to England, sewn with black, and white gloves are treated in the same way. The mousquetaire is preferred to the trouble of many buttons.

The tones in woollen gowns are so fresh and charming, we forget how fragile they are—such as greys, fawns and heliotrope; but it is not called heliotrope now; peach or clover is the new nomenclature. The rough knickerbocker threads appear on most of the new woollens. The skirts are plain, simply hemmed with many stitchings; in some, almost imperceptible folds at the side of the front breadth are introduced to prevent undue flatness, and the back is gathered. The loose jacket, with lapels open to show a vest, is often made with a braided plastron, the collar high, a pointed belt set beneath the waist.

Odds and Ends.

A FRENCH COOK AND SOUP.

Soupe a l'oignon au fromage (onion soup with cheese.)—Make the soup in the same way, cut some Gruyere cheese in small dice, put it amongst the bread in the tureen with a little more pepper; add if you like a tablespoonful of parmesan, and do not forget the butter; turn the soup out, let it stand a minute before serving, and stir to make the cheese rise.

Potage au lait (milk soup.)—Boil one pint and a half of milk with a bay leaf, a little salt, and a lump of sugar. Fry some small squares of bread in butter; beat the yelks of two eggs, stir a little cold milk into them, take the bay leaf out of the milk stir the eggs in, let the soup thicken a little, but do not let it boil; pour on the fried bread, and serve. The milk is sometimes flavored with orange flower water or cinnamon instead of bay leaf.

Soupe au lapin (rabbit soup). — Wash and drain a cabbage, put a stewpan on the fire with three pints of water, a bunch of thyme, two bay leaves, a clove of garlic, two small onions, some parsley, two carrots, two turnips, half a small head of celery, pepper, salt, an onion stuck with four cloves, about half a pound of bacon, and the cabbage; tie the rabbit round, and put it on the vegetables if it is old. If young, stew the vegetables an hour and a half, and then put the rabbit in to stew half an hour before serving. When done, serve the rabbit on a dish with the cabbage round and the bacon cut in pieces. Serve the other vegetables separately, and strain the broth on to some slices of bread placed in the tureen.

Soupe au gigot (leg of mutton soup).—Take a leg of mutton weighing five or six pounds, beat it with a steak beater or the flat of a chopper. When it is quite soft open the muscles of the thick end with the fingers, and stuff in some pepper and salt; make some holes in the knuckle, and put in some butter and a clove of garlic cut in pieces; tie all up tightly, bend the knuckle to make the joint as short as possible; take a saucepan deep enough to let the leg of mutton stand nearly on end, the thick part at the bottom; put in a slice of ham, a bunch of herbs, three carrots half a parsnip, two leeks, one onion stuck with cloves, salt, pepper and sufficient hot water to cook the meat in. Let it boil fast until the vegetables are tender, then put the mutton in, cover the saucepan, and let it simmer gently a quarter of an hour for each pound of meat; when done skim off the fat. Strain the soup on to slices of bread; serve very hot. Unite the mutton, and serve after the soup.

Potage au gibier (game soup).—Put in a stewpan a rabbit, an old pheasant, or some old partridges, and a fowl that is too old for eating; add a slice of ham, two carrots, two onions, clove and garlic, four cloves, bunch of sweet herbs and parsley, pepper and salt, and two or three pints of water; according to the quantity of game. Boil four or five hours; take out some of the best of the meat, chop and pound it, then pass it through a sieve; strain the soup to the pounded meat, make it hot again, and serve with fried bread.

Soupe aux choux (cabbage soup.)—Put in a stewpan two pounds of beef (or preferably chuck) steak, one pennyworth of liver, half a pound of ox-tail, and a quart of water; boil gently and skim well; then throw in an onion stuck with cloves, two cloves of garlic, celery, six young carrots, two leeks, two turnips, half a parsnip, a sprig of chervil, and some salt; and let it stew an hour; then have a round cabbage cut in quarters, and half a pound of fat bacon cut small, put into the soup, and stew another hour; skim the fat from the top, pour the broth on some peppered slices of bread, and serve. Drain the cabbage; add pepper and salt to it, put on a dish and serve. Place the meat on another dish, and send to table with carrots and turnips around it. In France the soup, cabbage, and steak would be served as three courses.

Soupe aux choux a la Henri Quatre (another cabbage soup.—Put a stewpan on the fire with an onion stuck with cloves, three or four carrots, two turnips, two leeks, some chervil, and when in season some cos lettuce leaves tied in a bunch, and a pound of good bacon; add about one quart of water, and boil three-quarters of an hour. Take one or two good cabbages, according to size, cut them in quarters, blanch them by throwing them into a saucepan of boiling water with a little salt, and leaving them on the stove until the leaves bend in the fingers; then take them out, drain them in a sieve, put them into the soup, and cook till thoroughly done. Fry some slices of bread, and put in a soup tureen; pepper them, and put in some little bits of butter; strain all broth out over the bread. Heap the cabbage on a dish, put the bacon on the top of it, with the carrots and turnips round, serve after the soup.

Soupe aux poireaux (leeks).—Cut up half a dozen leeks, fry them in butter in a stewpan until they are a good color, add a quart of water or broth, some salt and pepper, and a little piece of cinnamon; boil half an hour, and then pour (on to fried bread) into the soup tureen. If made with water a little piece of butter is put in the tureen; if made with stock the leeks can be fried in skimmings instead of butter.

Soupe aux poreaux et pommes de terre.—Fry a light color in butter the white part of three leeks chopped small, add a pinch of white sugar and salt; when done add a quart of water; as soon as it boils put it on one side for twenty minutes, then add one pound of raw potatoes peeled and cut in slices; stir the soup occasionally with a wood en spoon; when the potatoes are cooked to a mash finish the soup with a pinch of pepper and salt to taste.

Croute au pot.—Place at the bottom of a stewpan some pieces of crust of bread well cooked on the stove, and throw on them just enough stock to moisten them; leave them on a slow fire till they stick to the pan a little, then moisten them again; cook them a minute or two longer, and serve hot. Eat with a little broth over them.

A will subdued prepares for good.

Confidential Correspondents.

L. D. F.—Von Moltke, the famous German general was born at Parchim, Mecklenburg, Oct. 26, 1800.

RHODA.—A girl at twenty-five is not an old maid by any means. Take care of yourself, don't worry, and you will be young for ten years yet.

S. F. W.—You are very silly to want to reduce your flesh when you only weigh 128 lbs. That is almost the average weight. Your shape will be more symmetrical when you are older.

C. R. R.—To stain floors walnut color, take boiled linseed oil and benzine, in equal quantities, and add burnt umber, ground in linseed oil, until you get the stain as dark as desired.

PUZZLED.—"B" is right. Men who marry sisters are in courtesy called brothers-in-law; but in point of fact they are brothers-in-law to the sisters only. They themselves are not related by the marriage.

M. M.—A person who is invited to be present only at the church ceremony of a wedding, and not to the reception, is not obliged to give a present. A nice boquet would not be out of order, but is not required.

ROSE.—There is no harm in continuing to write to the gentleman with whom you have so long corresponed, provided you are guarded in your letters and do not commit yourself in any way. You will learn to know your own heart after a time and your own feelings towards him.

JONE'S BOY.—You seem to be somewhat in confusion with regard to the matter; marines are not sailors; they are soldiers who serve at sea. They are required to do a certain amount of work of the ship, and assist in various ways while afloat.

P. C.—Scurf on the face is generally caused by some disorder of the health. It is impossible to suggest a remedy without knowing the cause. A little vaseline or cold cream is a good thing for roughness of the skin, but probably you require medicine as well.

T. M.—Plants exhaust the oxygen in the air in the same way that human beings do, hence the objection to their presence in a bedroom. Keeping an inch of the window open at the top should do away with any ill effect. Many persons have this amount of ventilation in their rooms in all weathers.

READER.—The modern names and sizes of books are derived from the folding of paper. When the sheet is not folded it is called a folio, and this size has very fashionable throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The folio sheet doubled becomes a quarto; another double constitutes the octavo of eight leaves or sixteen pages.

C. N. J.—The long hairs of horses' tails are woven into hair cloth for covering furniture. They are dyed black with logwood and copperas. The weaving of horsehair cloth differs from other weaving on account of the shortness of the hair, which can be used for the weft only, the warp being generally of black linen yarn, but sometimes of worsted or cotton.

G. S. F.—1. Sugar is not directly injurious to the teeth, as many suppose; but if allowed to remain about and between them, it may generate an acid which is destructive to the enamel. 2. When the enamel is broken, or worn away, the bone of the tooth becomes exposed, and decay begins. Whatever, therefore, has a tendency to destroy the enamel should be carefully avoided.

IGNORANT.—It is true there are wonderful stories told of huge fishes or submarine animals that exist at the bottom of the sea and devour everything within their reach, but science has shown that such existence cannot be possible. The weight of water renders what life there is at the bottom of the deepest parts of the ocean very feeble and uncertain; the largest animals in the sea live comparatively near the surface.

QUEEN MAB.—You can cure your turning-in toes yourself with time and patience. Make a practice of devoting some time every day to walking, remembering all the time how you step, and being careful to keep the toes turned out. If there is nothing wrong with your feet you will soon overcome what is most likely a consequence of careless nursing. If there is any real malformation you should seek medical advice at once.

VERIED.—Let the sea-weed float in a large vessel filled with water, and while there straighten and clean it. Then take the pasteboard for mounting and thrust it under the weed lifting it clear of the water. While just on the surface arrange the weed as you desire it shall appear, flattening the fronds, etc. Now press it by means of blotting paper under a suitable weight until the moisture is extracting. Then touch the weed in spots here and there with drops of gum arabic, which will keep it confined to the board.

W. F.—The bloody sweat of the Savior's agony was a proof of his human nature. The malady is known in medical science as diapedesis, and arises from violent mental emotion; we are told that if the mind is seized with a violent fear of death the sweat becomes bloody. There are several ancient instances of this being the case, but the latest is 1703; we still want a modern instance, well authenticated. The literary history of the phenomenon is perfect. The verses recording this event have been doubted, but are now generally accepted.

F. F. R.—Belladonna is a poison—the extract of nightshade. It makes the eyes darker by dilating the pupil. Now, the pupil is the seat of sight, and the use of belladonna will surely injure your sight. If you want to make your eyes as the actresses do you must get blame from the chemists and put a dusky shade under them and a little on the edge of the eyelids. If your face is of the high-cheeked, raw-boned type it will not look round and plump unless you are quite fat. Eat plenty of bread and potatoes and sweetmeats, avoid pickles, and drink sweet milk.

BESS.—The young man who loves you ardently when he is so near that he can see you frequently, but grows cold when he is absent, is evidently one of those numerous male specimens whose love cannot stand the test of absence. If you ever get him back, and really wish to marry him, be careful to keep him tied to your apron-string. We have known some really good men, true as steel when with their wives, who could not help their affections straying as soon as absence intervened. Your writing is careless, but has character in it. You are probably a girl with a good deal of intellect, which you would do well to cultivate.